

The



# TATTLER

& BYSTANDER

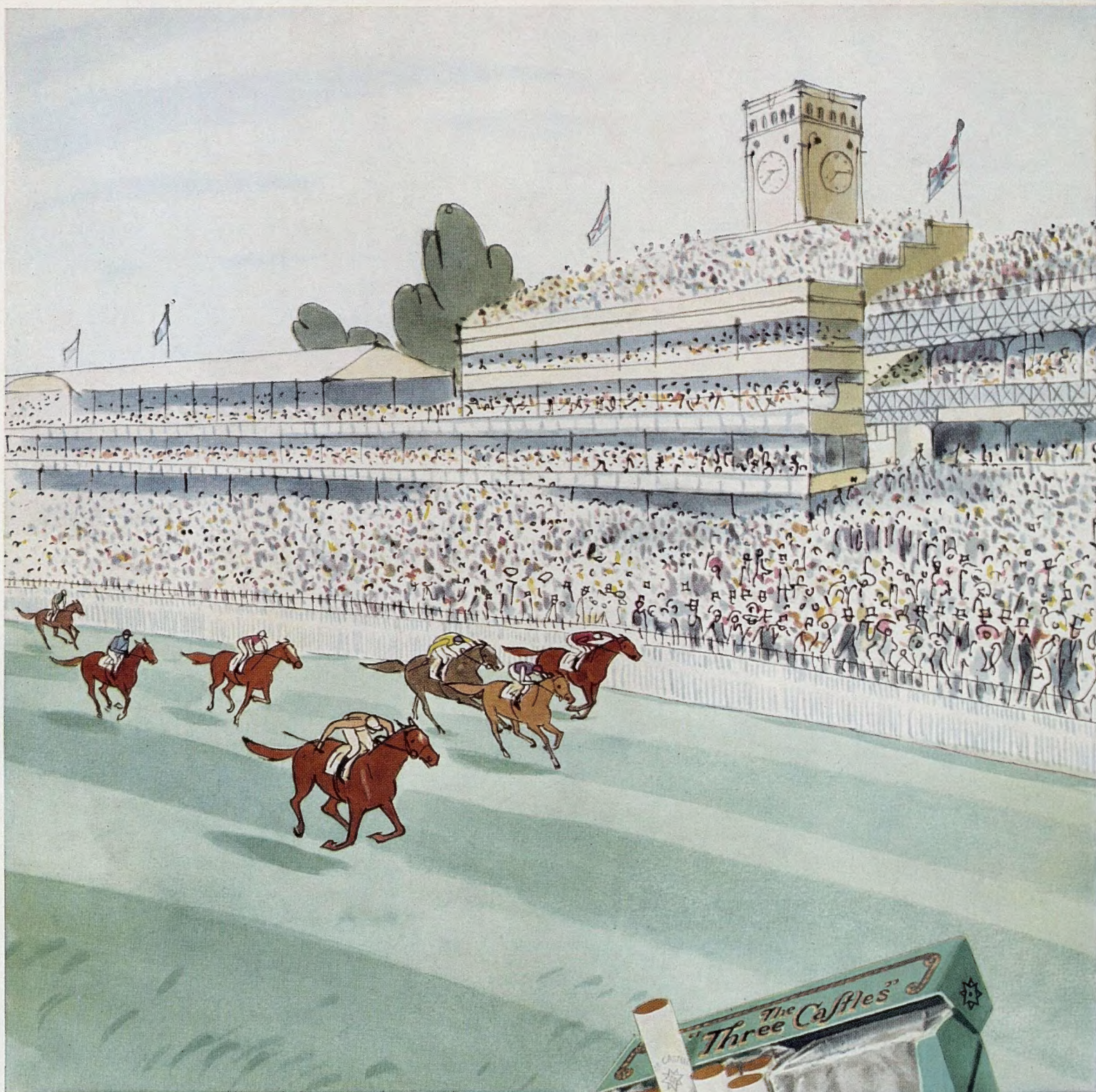
JULY 17, 1957

TWO SHILLINGS



MISS FIONA  
SHEFFIELD





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## DIARY OF THE WEEK

From July 17 to July 24



MISS FIONA SHEFFIELD is the youngest daughter of Major and Mrs. Reginald Sheffield, of Normanby Park, Scunthorpe, Lincolnshire, and a niece of Sir Robert Sheffield, Bt. One of the most attractive of this year's debutantes, Miss Sheffield is to have her coming-out dance in London during the autumn. She finished her education in Madrid and Paris and speaks both French and Spanish very fluently. She enjoys outdoor activities, especially riding and ski-ing

July 17 (Wed.) Cricket: Gentlemen v. Players (to 19th) at Lord's; Somerset v. West Indies (to 19th) at Taunton.

First night: *Oh! My Papa!* at the Garrick Theatre. Dance: Mrs. Paul Bateau and Mrs. Kenneth Barnard for Miss Suzanne Bateau and Miss Caroline McAndrew, at 6 Belgrave Square.

Racing at Newmarket, Ripon, Bath, Lanark and Lisburn.

July 18 (Thu.) The Queen gives an afternoon party in the garden of Buckingham Palace preceded by a Presentation Party for overseas debutantes.

Prince Philip will attend the world premiere of *Manuela* at the Odeon Theatre, Marble Arch, in aid of the National Playing Fields Association. Dances: The Earl of Incheape for his niece, Miss Bridget Hibbert, at 20 Hanover Terrace, Regent's Park; Mrs. John Hall (small dinner dance) for Miss Felicity Ann Hall.

Racing at Newmarket, Bath and Lanark.

July 19 (Fri.) Athletic match—London v. New York, at the White City (two days).

Dances: Lady Helen Vivian Smith for Miss Elizabeth Vivian Smith, at Aston Tirrold Manor, Didcot, Berkshire; Mrs. Davies-Cooke for Miss Philippa Davies-Cooke, at Gwysaney, Mold, North Wales; Mrs. Patrick Curtis (small dance) for Miss Jocelyn and Miss Victoria Curtis, at Knighton, Twyford, near Winchester; Mrs. Cyril Peckitt (small dance) for Miss Penelope Tremlett and for Mr. Ian and Mr. Geoffrey Wollen, at Chailey Moat, near Lewes.

The Dragon Ball at Hercules Hall, Portmeirion, in aid of the Council for the Preservation of Rural Wales. Racing at Ascot Heath, Doncaster and Bogsides.

July 20 (Sat.) Cricket: Middlesex v. West Indies (and 22nd, 23rd), at Lord's.

Motor racing: International British Grand Prix and Grand Prix of Europe at Aintree.

Polo: Final of Junior County Cup at Cirencester. Dances: Mrs. Francis Engleheart for Miss Zoe Engleheart and Miss Pauline Mayne, at The Priory, Stoke by Nayland, Colchester; Mrs. Edgar Barker for Miss Jane Barker and Mr. Frederick Barker, at King Edward's Place, Wanborough, Wiltshire.

Racing at Ascot Heath, Doncaster, Bogsides and Worcester.

July 21 (Sun.) Polo: Final of the County Cup at Cirencester.

International Horse Show Dressage Class at Bricket Wood, Herts.

July 22 (Mon.) International Horse Show and Junior European Championships (to 27th), at the White City.

Sailing: Duke of Edinburgh's Cup Race, International Dragons (to 27th), at Torquay.

Tennis: Scottish Junior Championships in Edinburgh (to 27th) and Ulster Junior Championships in Belfast (to 27th).

Shooting: Schools' Meeting at Bisley.

Racing at Folkestone and Leicester.

July 23 (Tue.) The Queen and Prince Philip will attend the International Horse Show at the White City.

Golf: Professional Match-play Championship (two days), Dunoon, Argyllshire.

Racing at Folkestone and Leicester.

July 24 (Wed.) The

Queen gives an afternoon party in the garden of Buckingham Palace and later embarks with Prince Philip for their visit to the Channel Islands.

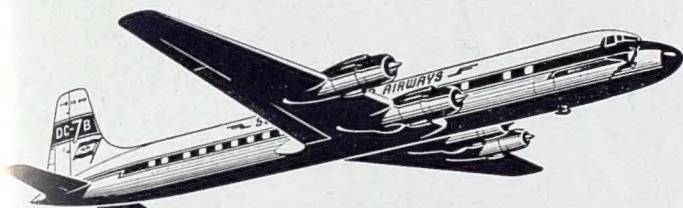
Racing at Windsor and Catterick Bridge.



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Betty Swaebe

## Enjoying her first London Season

MISS PATRICIA HUTH is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Huth who live at 22 Eaton Square, S.W.1. One of this year's debutantes, she is having a very gay time this Season; her elder sister, Miss Angela Huth, was a debutante

last year. Miss Huth is a good linguist and loves visiting other countries. She is already a seasoned traveller, but looks forward to seeing more parts of the world when the present round of summer festivities has come to an end





*Miss Beverly Halford, the debutante for whom the dance was given*

*The  
TATLER  
and  
Bystander,  
JULY 17,  
1957  
96*



*Miss Susan Douglas, Mr. Nigel Daw and Mr. John Halford*



*Mr. J. Russell-Parsons, Miss A. Trench and Mr. B. Trethowan*

*Mr. Peter Morris in conversation with Miss Jennifer Cooper*

*Mr. Al Utton and Miss Bridget Tisdall by the sundial*



## DANCE AT A HAMPSHIRE COUNTRY HOUSE

MISS BEVERLY HALFORD looked enchanting (writes JENNIFER) at her coming-out dance in Worth's white tulle crinoline with garlands of aquamarine embroidery, as she stood receiving guests with her mother Mrs. Cecil Halford. To the joy of all present it was a very hot evening, as the dance took place at Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Halford's nice home, the Mill House at Broughton, where a trout stream runs through the garden. The lawns, trees and rose garden had been cleverly lit, and guests sat out or strolled about the garden much of the time. Dancing took place in the drawing-room, and after midnight also in a barn which had been amusingly decorated as a night club, and where a calypso band was playing. Many friends in the district gave dinner parties, and around four hundred enjoyed this dance, which went on until dawn.

AMONG the young people present were Miss Katherine Sachs, Miss Suzanne Bareau, Miss Sally Hunter in her usual high spirits, Lord Colville, Miss Julia Williamson, Miss Tessa Clarke, Mr. Malcolm Macdonald, Miss Joan Lawton who had her own coming-out dinner-dance (which I heard was a wonderful party) at the River Club a few nights previously, the Hon. David Bruce, Miss Norma and Miss Valerie Honey, Miss Julia Calvert in a spotted organza dress, Mr. Arthur Johnston, Miss Francesca Roberti, Mr. Simon Koch de Gooreynd, the Earl of Bective, Mr. Michael d'Arcy Stephens, Mr. Jeremy Graftey-Smith, and Beverly's brother Mr. John Halford, who is up at Cambridge.

Older guests included Sir Harold and Lady Bowden, Mr. and Mrs. Le Hunt Anderson who brought their daughter and a party, and Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Pilkington who also gave a dinner party. Two younger girls at the dance, who will be making their début next year, were Miss Pam Walford and Miss Georgina Turner.



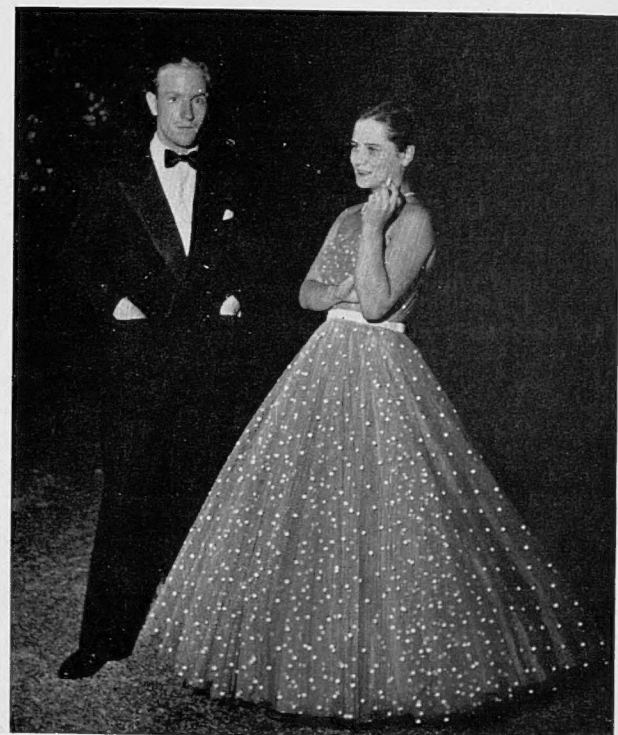


Mr. Jimmy Miesegaes, Miss Daphne Fairbanks, Mr. Nicholas Bolton, Miss Beverly Halford, Mr. J. Grafftey-Smith and Miss J. Lawton

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Miss Patricia Blagden and Mr. Leslie Elliot in the converted barn



Lady Daphne Cadogan talking to Mr. Richard Westmacott



Mrs. C. Dalgety with Mr. Frederick and Miss Caroline Dalgety



Miss Sally Coghlan, Mr. Allan Edwards and Mr. Derek Edwards



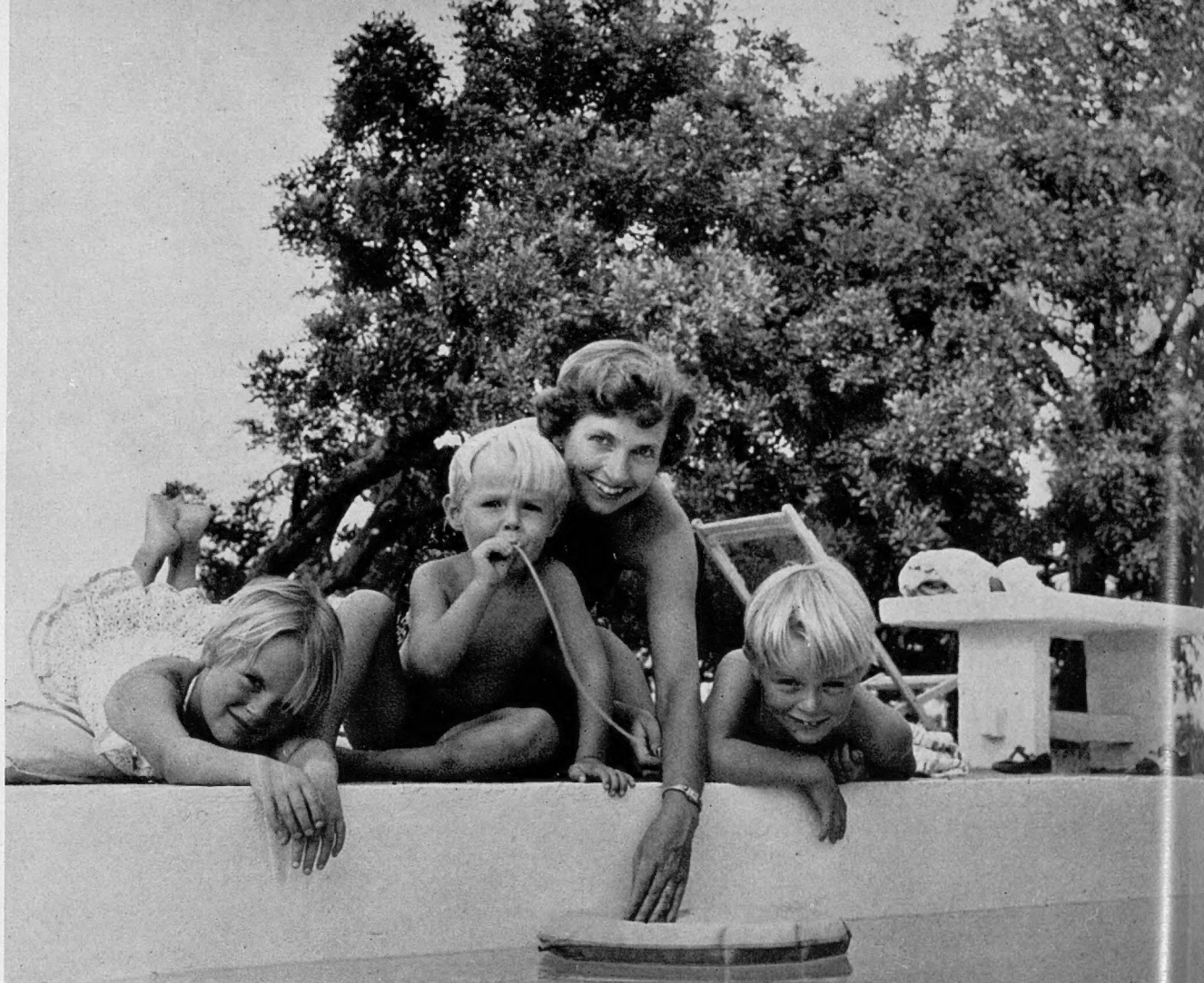
Mr. Edward Clarke sitting out with Miss Josephine Winham

A. V. Swaabe



## IN THE EASTERN MEDITERRANEAN

AS our chief Middle East base for the past few years, Cyprus has become a second home to many military families, who have found that in spite of its troubled state it possesses many compensations. Right, Lady Jane, Lord Richard and Lord John Wellesley, children of the Marquess and Marchioness Douro, with their mother at the pool of their home near Kyrenia. Lord Douro commands The Blues in the island. Below, Miss Jennifer Carey, a 1956 debutante, has been staying with her brother, Mr. D. S. Carey of The Blues, with whom she is seen



*Social Journal*

*Jennifer*

## STATESMEN AT GUILDHALL



A VERY gay scene greeted one on arrival at the reception given by the High Commissioners of the Commonwealth countries, in Guildhall, in honour of the chiefs of state attending the Commonwealth Prime Ministers' meeting. Not only were there beautiful floral arrangements to augment the fine setting of this historic banqueting hall, but decorations were worn, and the lovely saris and national costumes which many of the guests wore were very colourful.

Archbishop O'Hara, the Apostolic Delegate, in his cardinal red silk cap and gown, added a brilliant splash of colour to the occasion. Countess Mountbatten of Burma sparkled as she slowly wended her way through the crowded banqueting hall, accompanied by her husband. She was wearing a gold dress with her orders and decorations, and also a high sun ray diamond tiara. The Prime Minister and Lady Dorothy Macmillan were there, the latter in grey with touches of red. When the hall became at one moment rather crowded, the Prime Minister very wisely sat with Viscount Waverley at the side on two chairs.

The Earl of Home, Secretary of State for the Colonies, and the Countess of Home were meeting many friends, as were the First Lord of the Admiralty the Earl of Selkirk, and the Countess of Selkirk, who looked cool in white with touches of blue and a navy blue organza stole. The Chancellor of the Exchequer and Mrs. Thorneycroft I met talking to the Earl of Scarbrough and his charming wife. The Prime Minister of Canada and Mrs. Diefenbaker were there, also the Prime Minister of Australia Mr. Menzies, the Prime Minister of India, Mr. Nehru, looking very cool in a white silk alpaca tunic, his sister Mrs. Pandit, who is High Commissioner for India here, also looking cool in a pale blue and silver sari, the Prime Minister of the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland, Sir Roy Welensky, and Lady Welensky, the Prime Minister of Pakistan Mr. Suhrawardy, and the Begum Sulaiman, the Prime Minister of newly-founded Ghana, Dr. Kwame Nkrumah, the Minister of External Affairs for New Zealand, Mr. T. L. Macdonald, the Minister of External Affairs for South Africa, Mr. de Silva, and the Minister of Justice for Ceylon.

I met the new Ambassador for Morocco and his lovely wife who was wearing a magnificent national costume of heavy silk and cloth of gold, and an exquisite jewel necklace, talking to the Marshal of the Diplomatic Corps, Sir Guy Salisbury-Jones, and Lady Salisbury-Jones. Also the Yugoslav Ambassador and Mme. Vejvoda, who entertain so well at their Embassy, where they have one of the best chefs in the Diplomatic Corps, the Danish Ambassador and Mme. de Steensen-Leth (the latter was off to Denmark a



few days later), and the Ambassador for Afghanistan, who told me how much he had enjoyed his first Royal Ascot.

Viscount Knollys, who had an impressive array of decorations, was with Viscountess Knollys meeting a host of friends. Sir Ellis and Lady Robins, who have recently come back to live in England after spending about thirty years in Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia, were talking to the Earl of Dalhousie, Governor-designate to the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland, and the Countess of Dalhousie, and nearby Sir Ian Fraser, M.P., and Lady Fraser were having a word with the Hon. Lady Eccles. Among others I saw the Lord Mayor Sir Cullum Welch, a former Lord Mayor Sir Denys Lowson, the Mayor of Westminster and Lady Norton, the Earl and Countess of Bessborough, Mr. and Mrs. John Boyd-Carpenter and Col. Hulme Taylor, newly appointed Sergeant-at-Arms and Common Crier.

★ ★ ★

PRINCESS MARGARET, wearing an apricot chiffon dress and attended by the Hon. Iris Peake in white, was present at the Victoria League Ball at the Dorchester. Tickets were sold out long before the ball, which was a greater success than ever and should raise a splendid sum for the Victoria League, a great organization which does much for visitors, students and others from all parts of the Commonwealth. Mary Duchess of Devonshire, President of the ball, received the guests with the chairman, Mary Duchess of Roxburghe.

Among the 600 present were the Agent-General for Victoria Sir William Leggatt and Lady Leggatt, the Agent-General for South Australia and Mrs. Greenham, Lt.-Gen. Lord Freyberg, V.C., and Lady Freyberg, Lord and Lady Dynevor, Admiral Sir Cecil Harcourt, chairman of the Victoria League, and Lady Harcourt, Lady Worsley, Sir Robert and Lady Frank, Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Cumming, Major-Gen. Sir John and Lady Marriott, the Hon. William and Mrs. Watson Armstrong, the Hon. Angus Ogilvy, who was having a long talk to Princess Margaret sitting at the top table, the Master of Sinclair, Air Vice-Marshal Sir Vincent Tait, Mr. K. Cameron-Wilson, the very active chairman of the Victoria League in Australia, Sir Harold and Lady Bowden, and Col. and Mrs. Edward Clark. There was a tombola with masses of delightful prizes, and around midnight Australian zither player and singer Shirley Abicair gave an excellent cabaret.

★ ★ ★

NO débutante has looked more radiant at her coming-out ball than Miss Julia Williamson, who is very attractive with a lovely figure; Julia has happily remained quite unspoilt and unaffected in spite of a lot of publicity this season. She stood with her mother Mrs. David Lycett Green wearing Stiebel's lovely white slipper satin and paper tanga dress with a draped bodice and swirling skirt in front of a bower of red roses at the top of the stairs at the Hyde Park Hotel.

Before the ball Mr. and Mrs. Lycett Green gave a dinner party when their guests included Julia's lovely American-born godmother Mrs. Gerald Wellesley and her husband (their son Mr. Robin Wellesley and his piquantly attractive wife, came to the ball later), Major St. John and his débutante daughter Jennifer, Lady Clarissa Duncombe in a very pretty pale blue dress, Miss Gail Clyde in a flower print, Miss Catherine Lycett Green very attractive in apricot satin, and Mlle. Emmeline de Waldner over from Paris, and wearing a lovely dress of palest pink faille, Julia's brother Mr. Jock Williamson, Mr. Richard and Mrs. Robert Lycett Green, the Earl of Suffolk and Mr. Philip Harari.

The ballroom and reception rooms were most cleverly lit. Instead of the usual overhead lights, there was strip lighting, and wall brackets of beautiful flowers on mirror panels which were floodlit from above. The whole effect was most becoming. There was the inevitable night club with a sign "Villa Julia," where the walls and ceiling were lit up with midnight blue muslin and little lights twinkled above; this opened on to the small grass lawn overlooking the Park. Among the older guests at this ball, which was one of the gayest of the season with masses of young people present, were Frances Lady Viscountess, her daughter the Hon. Lady Wrixon-Becher and her husband, Sir William Wrixon-Becher, Cdr. and the Hon. Mrs. Eykyn who gave a dinner party, as did Col. and Mrs. Joe Goodhart, Mr. and Mrs. Simon Lycett Green, Mr. George and Lady Cecilia Howard, Mr. and Mrs. Reggie Sheffield, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Proctor, and the Hon. Mrs. Ronald Senior with Brig. Senior who celebrated his birthday at midnight.

★ ★ ★

THE Queen, looking fresh and cool in a red and white floral printed silk dress, and a little white hat trimmed with red ribbon, went to Wimbledon for the final day of the All England Lawn Tennis Championships there. This was her first visit to Wimbledon, and she sat in the Royal Box with the Duchess of Kent, President of the All England Club, Dr. J. C. Gregory, the chairman, and Princess Alice, all in black, who was leaving next day for a short holiday abroad. Also in the Royal party were the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, the Earl and Countess of Harewood, Lord Iliffe, Earl and Countess Attlee, the French Ambassador and Mme. Chauvel, Earl Jowitt, Lady May Abel Smith and her daughter Elizabeth, and Lady Greig, widow of the late Sir Louis Greig, a great personality of Wimbledon, who played in the men's doubles one year with the late King George VI.

The first match the Queen saw was the final of the women's singles, when the coloured American player, Miss Althea Gibson, defeated her fellow countrywoman Miss Darlene Hard, in two straight sets. The next match, the final of the men's doubles, produced some brilliant play, and ended in victory for the older American pair, Gardnar Mulloy and Budge Patty, over the younger and much fancied Australian pair, Lew Hoad (again singles champion at Wimbledon this year) and N. A. Fraser.

Her Majesty, accompanied by the Duke of Devonshire and Dr. Gregory, went down after these two matches to present the trophies to the players. Every seat around the Centre Court was filled and the space for standing was packed, in spite of it being one of the hottest afternoons of the summer. This annual sporting fixture is one of the best-run events I ever attend. The car parking facilities are excellent whether you have a chauffeur driven car, or drive yourself, even if you have no reserved parking space. The bus service

[Continued overleaf]



Betty Swaabe

MISS SUSAN WILLS is the debutante daughter of Major and the Hon. Mrs. John Wills, of Allanby Park, Berkshire. She is related to the Queen



Betty Swaabe

MISS JANE STOCKDALE is the daughter of Lt.-Col. and the Hon. Mrs. H. C. Stockdale; she is coming out this year. Her uncle is Lord Farrington





Miss V. Belloc-Lowndes, Miss Rosita Fisher, Mr. C. Lezard



Miss Susan Douglas and Miss Katrin Bernstiel were guests



Mr. Peter Nutting with Miss Jennifer Thompson



Miss Grania Bacon and Mr. Richard Bruxner-Randall



Desmond O'Neill

LADY TREDEGAR gave a cocktail party for her debutante daughter, Miss Bridgit Russell (right) in the Penthouse Suite of the Dorchester. There were nearly one hundred guests

to the Underground is good, and there are always plenty of taxis, either to the station or up to the West End. The refreshment arrangements on the help-yourself line are splendidly run—I even managed to get a glass of iced water on the final afternoon with no delay!—the seating accommodation has been much improved in recent years, and there are always plenty of efficient attendants to show you your seat, or direct you to one of the other courts.

Among enthusiasts I saw watching the play were Mr. and Mrs. Peter Cazalet, the latter wearing a beautifully cut sleeveless cotton dress and jacket, and both looking extremely well after their recent trip to the West Indies and Mexico, the Earl and Countess of Ronaldshay, the latter very pretty in blue, Baroness Ravensdale, Lady Howard de Walden in a neat, white hat and cool dress, Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Bostock Hill, Mrs. Jessica de Pass, Sir Charles and Lady Norton, Admiral Sir Alexander Ingleby-Mackenzie, the Hon. Mrs. Glover, whose late husband Capt. Philip Glover, R.N., a former Navy tennis champion, who died in April, was much missed by many friends at the meeting, Mr. Nigel Sharpe, Mrs. Constance Wadham and Mr. and Mrs. Graham Bailey.

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THE Stoll Theatre was packed with a very enthusiastic audience on the opening night of Peter Brook's very fine production of Shakespeare's bloodthirsty play *Titus Andronicus*, in which Laurence Olivier plays the title rôle magnificently. He is supported by a brilliant cast of the Shakespeare Memorial Company, including Anthony Quayle, Vivien Leigh and Maxine Audley. In the audience that evening I saw the Earl and Countess of Westmorland, the latter looking cool and beautiful in a pastel chiffon dress, in a box with Mr. and Mrs. David Metcalfe. The Dowager Marchioness of Linlithgow, always one of the most elegant and dignified personalities at any function, was with a small party which included her son-in-law Major-Gen. George Prior-Palmer. Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Agar, Dr. and Mrs. Leonard Simpson, Mr. David Webster and Gwen Lady Melchett were there, also Mrs. Dwight Whitney in ice blue satin, Dorothy Dickson and her daughter Dorothy Hyson (Mrs. Anthony Quayle).

From here I went on to the Savoy in time to listen to the speeches made at the Canadian Women's Club Dominion Day dinner. Countess Alexander of Tunis, very good looking in a dark blue and white print, who is President of the club, was in the chair. Her husband, Field-Marshal Earl Alexander of Tunis, a former Governor-General of Canada, was presiding at the same time at the Canada Club dinner being held in another room, at which many of the husbands were also present.

Lady Alexander proposed the Royal toasts and later "The Guests." The other speakers were Lady Violet Bonham Carter, Miss Charlotte Whitton, a former Mayor of Ottawa, a dynamic personality who made a rousing and witty speech, and lastly Lady Nye who spent some years

in Canada when her husband, Lt.-Gen. Sir Archibald Nye, was High Commissioner there. The wives of four former Governors of Canada were at the dinner; besides Countess Alexander there were Marie Marchioness of Willingdon, Robert Countess of Bessborough and Lady Tweedsmuir. Also present were Lady Dorothy Macmillan, who spent some years in Canada as a girl when her father, the ninth Duke of Devonshire, was Governor. Mrs. John Diefenbaker, wife of Canada's new Prime Minister, also said a few words at the same time as her husband, I heard, was making a brilliant speech at the Canada Club dinner.

Others there included the Begum Ikramullah, wife of the High Commissioner for Pakistan, Mrs. Sydney Pierce, wife of the acting High Commissioner here, Mrs. Ronald Cumming, Mrs. Patrick Stirling, Mrs. Stepper from Vancouver, Mrs. Thom who had worked miracles in collecting the red, white and blue flowers, and arranged them so beautifully, and Mrs. Graham Spry, chairman of the Dinner Committee.

As we left we met many of the men who had attended the Canada Club dinner, among them Viscount Waverley, Viscount Attlee, Sir David Eccles, Mr. Cameron Cobbold, Lord Pender and his son the Hon. John Denison-Pender who was in Canada for some months last year, and Sir John Child, whose Canadian-born wife is in Canada now on a visit to her family.

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THE launching of a boat, of no matter what size, is always rather a moving occasion. Thus there was an air of tense excitement in Clare Yellow's Yard at Cowes when the Hon. Max and Mrs. Aitken's new ocean racer Drumbeat glided smoothly down the slipway. Drumbeat, which had just been christened by Mrs. Aitken, assisted by their five-year-old son and heir "Young Max," was designed by the clever American helmsman and designer Mr. Ray Hunt (who, with his wife, had flown over from America the previous day in time for the launching), and built in Clare Yellow's Yard. Drumbeat, a centre board cutter of about thirty-five tons, and fifty-eight feet long, is a very modern design. It was planned for her to have her maiden race at the end of that week in an "around the island" race, and after various other events, to compete in the great 600-mile Fastnet race, starting from Cowes on August 10.

It was a most picturesque scene in the brilliant sunshine, with many of the boats moored around dressed overall for the occasion. After the launching Mr. and Mrs. Aitken, the latter very attractive in a cherry red linen dress and little white hat, gave a cold buffet luncheon party to sailing friends who had come to the launching, and many of those who worked hard in building Drumbeat, often, as Mr. Aitken said in a few words of thanks, "late into the night to get the boat ready in time." Among the sailing enthusiasts I met who had come to wish



the Aitkens every success with their new boat were Sir "Tiny" and Lady Mitchell—he is a former Commodore of the Royal Corinthian Yacht Club—Lt.-Col. "Stug" Perry, the brilliant Olympic helmsman, Major and Mrs. Towers Clark who have just furnished an enchanting flat overlooking the Royal Yacht Squadron, which they plan to visit frequently during the summer, the Hon. Hugh Astor, recently knighted, Air/Cdre. Sir Vere Harvey, Mrs. Pitt-Rivers, Major Reggie Macdonald-Buchanan who owns the fine twelve-metre Kaylena and the smaller Sha Sha V, Prince Alphonse de Chimay, Mr. Dick Fremantle, Commodore of the Royal London Yacht Club, and his vivacious wife, Mrs. James Hanbury who is a wonderful crew as she bravely takes on the cooking, Mr. and Mrs. Garnham over from Bembridge, and Mr. Hugh Goodson, who has a great knowledge of sailing and is now putting much time and work into research as head of the American Cup twelve-metre syndicate.

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MRS. REYNOLDS-VEITCH was chairman of the very successful Tudor Rose Ball in aid of Gosfield Hall, which took place at the Savoy. With Col. Reynolds-Veitch she had a large party including Lady Cynthia Colville, Sir Weldon and Lady Dalrymple-Champneys, the latter wearing a lovely shade of orchid faille, and Miss Elisabeth Durlacher, looking sweet in a fawn-coloured chiffon dress. She was the very efficient and hard working chairman of the young committee. Among friends helping her were Miss Sally Butler, Miss Tessa Kaye, Mr. David Pedler, Miss Jill Gosling, Mr. Oliver Lindsay and Miss Wendy Raphael. The Hon. Nicole Yarde-Buller and Miss Joanna Norton-Griffiths were among the pretty young girls dancing.

★ ★ ★

DEAUVILLE promises to have a very gay season this year. Many friends I hear of are going over for the August Bank Holiday weekend, and others a little later for the very chic "Grande Semaine," which begins around August 16 with the Prix Morny on Sunday, August 18, and ends after the Deauville Grand Prix which is run on Sunday, August 25. There is, of course, horse racing nearly every day of the week at either Deauville or the nearby Course Clairefontaine throughout August, also the yearling sales which are spread over about a week. The polo also begins in earnest on August 4 with a highlight, the final of the Open World Championship for the Coupe d'Or, played after racing on August 25. Col. Carlton has the fine golf course in splendid condition, I hear, and there are several competitions during August beginning with the Grand Prix de Golf on August 3, 4 and 5, the Ward Challenge Cup the following weekend, and finally the Coupes d'Or on August 31, September 1, 2 and 3. There is also yachting—many keen helmsmen bringing their boats over from England to the good harbour here—riding and excellent tennis.

First among indoor amusements must come the Casino, where it is fascinating, if you do not play, to watch the big game at the baccarat table. Then there are the galas, which are always glamorous, and sundry places to dance, always a good concert and sometimes a ballet, play or opera to see. That lovable personality, M. Francois André, one of the greatest men ever to guide casinos and luxury resorts to success, reigns here during the summer as he does in Cannes during the winter. His Deauville hotels, the Royal where M. Mouchet is in charge, the Normandy and the Golf (which is right on the golf course) are some of the most comfortable in the world.



A. V. Swaabe

AT THE LANSDOWNE CLUB, Mrs. Charles Fordyce gave a dance to celebrate the debut of her daughter, Miss Sheila Fordyce, and the coming of age of her son, Mr. John Fordyce. They are seen above, with Mr. Fordyce, Sen., waiting to welcome the guests to their very gay party



Mr. Christopher Taylor, Miss Elizabeth Eaton and Miss Caroline Spicer enjoying refreshments together



Mr. John Coates and the Hon. Kirstin Lowther



Mr. Hugh Fattorini and Miss Rosemary Barry



Miss Verena Critchley, Miss Deirdre Cuddon, Mr. Thomas Boyd-Carpenter and Miss Jacqueline Mockler





## WHITEHALL'S MADDEST QUESTION YET

*FREDA BRUCE LOCKHART writes of the first obstacle that confronts the intending traveller, and suggests ways of overcoming it*



P. Monckton

**B**EFORE arranging this summer's holiday, I set about applying for a new passport. It was to be my fourth and I faced the Application Form fairly confident of knowing the answers. What I anticipated was that familiar list of vital statistics which has to be completed on arrival in each new country, until I half-suspect its only point is to trip the unwary traveller into contradicting himself about the year of his birth or the number of his wives.

At first the questions were familiar enough. Then at the extreme foot of the first long inside page, I was dumbfounded to be asked in minuscule print the "purpose of travel." Of course I have often been required to state the object of a particular visit to an especially inhospitable or suspicious nation. But to define the purpose of travel for the ten years of a passport's life!—such an invitation could only compare with questions set for school essays.

I pondered my old passports, cancelled by being tidily dog-eared (Continental prick-ear style) and tried to recall the purpose of my journeys recorded there. My very first passport which took me to France as a "student" might, I suppose, have called it "to learn the language" or "to broaden the outlook"—the acknowledged purpose of travel since the days of the Grand Tour. Next I travelled to Canada and the United States as an actress earning my living, though probably still labelled "student" (*pace* Equity). By the time my passport proclaimed me a "journalist," I was in practice using it mainly as a tourist—to Norway to climb, walk, swim, fish, make friends and fall in love with a whole country. This I suppose is not what the Passport Officials in Petty France would define as exploration. But it would be narrow-minded to reserve that category exclusively for people like Sir Edmund Hillary and Sir John Hunt. For as the notable desert wayfarer Freya Stark lately admitted, the humblest traveller shares this sense of discovery, of exploration.

Six years of war kept me island-bound. Since my liberation in 1946, for what a variety of purposes have I travelled abroad on any and every pretext. Look back at the visas. In 1946 to Scandinavia, to resume contact with the lately occupied lands of Norway and Denmark, or feast my eyes upon the blazing lights and bountiful shop windows of neutral Sweden; to Warsaw to mourn and salute a martyred ally and to peer through chinks in the Iron Curtain before it closed. In 1950 to Rome on pilgrimage, as subsequently to Lourdes, Fatima, Avila, San Giovanni Rotondo. To Salzburg to hear opera, for film festivals to South America, Belgium, Venice, Cannes; for television and film conferences to Paris and Madrid, to stay with friends in Italy, Norway, Portugal.

How could this wealth, this rich variety of pleasurable and profitable experience, be defined under one brief heading. So bald and unimaginative a question as "purpose of travel" invites facetious and frivolous answers. Should I put "Spying," "Secret Service," "White Slave Traffic," "Smuggling"? Or more decorously: "To see the sun," "To get away from it all," "To climb the highest mountain," "To be a pilgrim"? Officialdom might take a dim view of such bright ideas. If I put a plain truth "To drink cheap wine and eat good food" or even, in ultimate exasperation, "To get away from this country," British bureaucracy might even take offence and refuse me a new passport. But what could be wrong with defining "purpose of travel" as "to see the world." Surely that was it.

The question is not only funny, not only silly, not only impertinent. It is part of the whole beastly notion of the Welfare State which rations our pleasures according to what Nanny thinks good for us. But even the governors and governesses of the Welfare State should learn not to ask foolish questions. Purpose of Travel indeed!

Then I took out my old passport. I found it in perfect order—and still valid for one whole year to come.





*Princess Margaret, who is actively associated with the League, was met by Major-Gen. Sir John Marriott  
Miss Ray Sherning and Mr. John Tullis won a prize at the tombola*

*The  
TATLER  
and  
Bystander,  
JULY 17,  
1957  
103*



*Van Hallan*

## VICTORIA LEAGUE BALL

H.R.H. PRINCESS MARGARET was the Guest of Honour at the annual ball held by the Victoria League at the Dorchester recently. Above: Admiral Sir Cecil Harcourt, the Chairman of the League, with Lady Harcourt

*Mary Duchess of Devonshire  
and Mary Duchess of Roxburghe*

*Miss Elizabeth Roberts was here  
in company with Col. R. W. Hills*



*Mr. Derek Chapman, Miss Lorraine Badham  
and Mrs. Russell Badham*

*Lady Frank and Mr. S. K. H.  
Goodenough at the tombola*

*Mrs. H. V. Hodson dancing with  
Sir Ivison Macadam*





## THE FORM FOR AINTREE'S MOTOR RACING CLASSIC

by

*Stirling Moss*

*SINCE HE LEFT HAILEYBURY, the life of Stirling Moss (below) has been devoted to motor racing, and he now ranks among the world's top three racing drivers. Above, Peter Collins in a Ferrari winning last year's Grand Prix at Rheims*



OF the seven classic Continental races each season, one is given the additional title of Grand Prix of Europe. This lends it additional status in the eyes of the public, gives it a more shining aura of glamour and, above all, greatly increases the responsibility of the organizers in putting on a good show. The world championship points system is, however, the same. This year it is Britain's turn again (our last was in 1950 at Silverstone, when King George VI inspected the troops before battle, so to speak) and the tenth R.A.C. British Grand Prix, which takes place at Aintree on Saturday, is also the seventeenth Grand Prix of Europe, in a series that started in 1923.

What is the race going to be like, who is going to win and will it be possible, at last, to see a British car first past the flag after three hard-fought hours on the circuit? The last question is probably the most important to every motor racing enthusiast in the country, and as I shall be driving a British car myself (the Vanwall) I assure you it is none the less important to me!

Of the organization of the race itself I am quite certain we need have no qualms. This has been delegated by the R.A.C. to the British Automobile Racing Club of Goodwood fame, who also ran the 1955 G.P. at Aintree, the one I was lucky enough to win for Mercedes. Of the Aintree circuit itself opinions are mixed, to say the very least, and most have been voiced loud and long in the correspondence columns of the motoring press. What is good enough for the horse-racing public seems not to find favour with many of the motor racing fraternity. Nevertheless, if you do go to Aintree this weekend, you will see the best cars and drivers that money can buy, for neither the B.A.R.C. nor Mrs. Topham, Aintree's guiding spirit, have allowed the current financial problems to put them off organizing a meeting worthy of the title of European Grand Prix.

I THINK there can be little doubt that, on current form, the Italian cars, factory-entered Maseratis and Ferraris, will start favourites for the race, Maserati being typed slightly ahead of Ferrari. This is due more than anything else to the fact that the team of the Trident have reigning world champion Juan Manuel Fangio leading for it. This combination of car and driver has already won three *grandes épreuves* this year, in the Argentine, at Monte Carlo and a fortnight ago at Rouen. Fangio, in his middle forties and on the point of retiring, is still every bit as fast and reliable a driver as ever he was, and always seems to be able to give that little bit extra that stamps him as a master, whenever it is required. He will be backed up in the Maserati team by the Nicolis, Jean Behra, the Argentinian, Carlos Menditeguy, and the Franco-American, Harry Schell.

The Maserati cars, on the other hand, have proved to be somewhat temperamental mechanically this season, and Fangio can only win if his vehicle plays its part, too. At Rouen, two of the four Maseratis fell out, while the third finished by its driver pushing it across the line. The Ferraris, however, while not



perhaps producing the ultimate in speed, had considerably more reliability, finishing second, third and fourth behind Fangio. Reliability, coupled with a good compromise between roadholding, acceleration, sheer speed and brakes, counts for much at Aintree. Certainly it is a most gruelling circuit on brakes especially with its combination of closely-joined tight corners and long straight. And in Peter Collins and Mike Hawthorn, Ferrari have two drivers well versed in the technique of winning Grands Prix. Neither of them will be found wanting if his car takes and holds the lead, as it well might. The "Prancing Horse" line-up, by the way, will be completed by Luigi Musso and their newest recruit, the Kentish driver, Stuart Lewis-Evans, a man to be watched.

AND now, what of British hopes? How wonderful it would be if this European Grand Prix in our own country could be won both by a British car and a British driver! Connaught, who would have been strong contenders, have unfortunately, had to give the game up, a victim of the money troubles besetting the sport on all sides. A disappointing affair considering what they had already achieved, and indicative of the incredible short-sightedness of the British motor industry, which would stand to gain so much in world sales and prestige from victory in the Grand Prix sphere.

The B.R.M.s, longest in making a brave effort, so far in vain, still do not seem to have the necessary mechanical reliability to win races. That the cars have speed is certainly no longer in doubt, and few who saw Mike Hawthorn's electrifying opening laps of last year's British Grand Prix will ever forget them. But, in events of this type, over a minimum of 300 miles, you have got to keep going fast—and, above all, you have got to keep going! Driving for the Bourne *équipe* at Aintree will be their team leader (and Le Mans victor on two occasions) Scotsman Ron Flockhart, backed up by the enthusiastic American, Herbert Mackay Fraser, who must now be almost considered British by motor-racing adoption!

Of ourselves (Vanwall) one thing I can say for certain is that we shall make every endeavour to mark this Grand Prix of Europe as the occasion of the long hoped for British victory in cars and drivers. Mr. Tony Vandervell, my patron, quite determined to do everything possible to make the cars last the distance, and I know from driving them that if they keep going, then they should be amongst the leaders. Harry Schell's fantastic drive during last year's French Grand Prix at Rheims proved that, and I was extremely disappointed that some minor ailment prevented me from driving the car again on the 100 m.p.h. Rouen circuit a fortnight ago. By Aintree I should be well and eager to try the Vanwall's powerful capabilities; and the doctors have promised that my team-mate, Tony Brooks, should be fit again after his accident at Le Mans, so we shall both all out to see if we can put British racing green first past the chequered flag.



*A Formula 1 Cooper is prepared before the start of the Monaco Grand Prix this year*



*Ron Flockhart (above) winner at Le Mans this year, driving the B.R.M. in the 1957 Monaco Grand Prix. Below, Juan Fangio, of Argentina, unbeatable world champion, competing in his country's 1957 Grand Prix*







MISS ALTHEA GIBSON, new holder of the Ladies' Singles title, seen walking on to the Centre Court before her final match against Miss Darlene Hard, which was played before H.M. the Queen

A. D. LOCKE, the South African who recently won the British Open Golf Championship for the fourth time, a feat unequalled since 1929, with the championship trophy he won at St. Andrew's



## Roundabout

# A SEAT TO SPARE

**E. S. Turner**

WOULD you like a witty stranger to sit in the spare seat of your car and keep you in fits of laughter from Boulogne to Biarritz? Would you welcome a public schoolboy or a medical student to act as co-driver to Madrid? Or would you care to add a cheerful single lady (age unstated) to your party for the Tyrol?

These things can be arranged. A superior class of hitch-hiker is emerging. He does not stand hopefully outside one of the French Channel ports with a Union Jack stitched to his person, jerking his thumb in the general direction of the Riviera; instead, he prefers to thumb a lift in the personal columns of the newspapers. In this endeavour he is encouraged by the fact that numerous tourists with spare seats are at pains to seek out polished and civilized fellow travellers.

The bargains to be had range from "a single seat in a professional man's car" (we've seen some dubious vehicles in Harley Street) to "one or two seats in a vintage car" (what greater pleasure than 600 miles of *route nationale* in a 1900 Panhard?). So far this year no advertisement has quite reached the class of last year's outstanding offer—a vacancy at 16,000 francs a week in the luxury caravan of a peeress heading South at a leisurely pace with food, wine, chef and maid.

Some advertisers are content to quote dates and destinations. Others are thoughtful enough to give an idea of their tastes and temperaments, to say whether they are married or single, or whether they are allergic to sightseeing.

ONE imagines that, before drawing up the contract, the parties get together informally, to ensure that they are mutually acceptable. After all, what does a man mean when he says he has "some culture"? Is he a member of the Royal Society or the Book Society? Or is he a wine bore? Is "much idling" a euphemism for "much drinking"? To solicit a "gay and amusing" companion is surely asking for trouble; one may get anything from a jolly subaltern to a *rusé* old barfly. In any event, is the candidate expected to be gay and amusing when coming off the car ferry at dawn? This, surely, is a time for mirth control. One thing is certain: whereas a hitch-hiker picked up by chance can always be dropped if his company should grow tiresome, a contract passenger who fails to live up to specification can hardly be turned out of the car at Avignon, with a portion of his fare refunded, and told to wave a Union Jack and be witty.

One likes to think that no advertiser spends his money in vain, that beautiful and durable friendships spring up among all these civilized and cultured strangers. But one remembers sadly how even lifelong friends find new and unsuspected vices in each other at the end of a dawn-to-dusk blind in a porpoising car, over long stretches of *route bombée*.

It is surprising that nobody has tried to organize this traffic on a commercial basis. But somebody will.

★ ★ ★

WHAT has caused the curious outbreak of writing about the Tichborne case, that classic imposture of mid-Victorian times? A month ago, after (rumour says) half a century's





## SPEECH DAY

Stand back, you Cabinet Ministers' wives,  
County ladies, make way!  
For this is my big occasion,  
This is my glorious day.  
Observe my gay little model hat,  
My poise and my dignity.  
Sit where you will on the hard-backed chairs:  
There's a seat on the stage for me!

Your dear little sons in the lower forms,  
Your heirs in the Middle Third,  
Are rather sweet, in a way, of course,  
But aren't they faintly absurd?  
Forgive my pride and my peacocking,  
And make allowances, please.  
For I am the Head Boy's Mother,  
And Queen of the V.I.P.s.

—Margot Crosse

gestation, Douglas Woodruff published his great book-to-end-all-books about the Claimant; only to see it followed a week later by another account of the case from Michael Gilbert, lawyer and detective story writer. Already within the last year Richard Aldington has featured the Claimant in his gallery of frauds and Lord Russell of Liverpool has dealt with him in another work.

Nobody knows how these things happen. In an author half-way through a major task of research nothing is more likely to inspire suicidal gloom than the discovery that somebody else, possibly with better pretensions, is ahead of him with a book on the same subject. Sometimes gloom will give way to a fierce resolve to catch up the rival and at least skim off some of the cream.

Scheduled for this year, one gathers, are two biographies of the late Calouste Gulbenkian, both provisionally (and inevitably) entitled "Mr. Five Per Cent." There are also to be two important books on the battle of Monte Cassino. Earlier this year were announced two lives of the French woman spy known as "The Cat," who, it might be thought, hardly deserved even one. Every year yields its crop of duplications. There were two books about "Operation Mincemeat" (the floating of a dead British officer, with faked documents, on to the Spanish coast during the war), to say nothing of Sir Alfred Duff Cooper's novel on the same theme. There were two lives of G/Capt. Cheshire. General Gordon, subject of numberless biographies, acquired two more on the same day in 1954.

CAN anything be done to stop these duplications? Given an attractive topical subject, the race will always be to the swift. There has been talk of setting up a sort of central registry of

subjects, thus eliminating some of the duplication which comes with centenaries, but nothing has been done about it.

A year or two ago the firms of Michael Joseph and Collins discovered that each had a book in preparation on the German escaper Von Werra. Wisely they got together and persuaded their authors to pool their resources in a single book, which was successfully published under a joint imprint. It seems a sound solution; but one knows plenty of authors who would fight to the death rather than co-operate.

★ ★ ★

THAT shelf behind the wide rear window of the modern car has set something of a social problem. It is a convenient place for tossing everything from sun-glasses to car-sickness pills, but the result, viewed from outside, is distinctly messy. Walk round the American enclave in Grosvenor Square (the next time you go there for finger-printing) and you will find that every car has at least one box of paper tissue prominently displayed in the rear window. (Why can't American cars have a built-in receptacle?)

Latterly, however, one seems to detect signs of deliberate window dressing, not confined to the *chic* couchant tiger which was such an inexplicable rage on the Continent last year. Is that fashionable novel thrown on the back shelf purely for convenience, or for effect? Does the owner really read *Fortune* and *The Economist*? How odd that he should not have found time to put away that map of Salzburg and environs.

It is, of course, an eminently harmless form of vanity—and a shade more subtle than plastering the rear window with pretty coloured transfers denoting the countries one has visited.



BRIGGS

by Graham





*Mrs. C. Arthur, West Herts Bowmen, and Miss Jean Henderson, Nottingham Archers*

## SKILL WITH THE LONG BOW

ARCHERS from all over Great Britain took part in the 1957 Grand National Archery Society's Championships held at Worcester College, Oxford. This premier event of the bowman's year was well contested



*Miss Margaret Walton, from Bolton, prepares to take aim in the Ladies' Championship*

*Mr. R. D. Matthews, 1957 winner, Mr. L. Maclin, and Mr. G. Brown, last year's champion*



*Mr. F. Duhig and Miss D. Binns check their score, while Mr. M. Pritchard removes his arrow*



*Mrs. D. E. Bishop, Mrs. D. Baldwin and Mrs. L. Tidd watching other competitors*

*Desmond O'Neill*





John Drysdale

## Hawaiian touch to a London dance matinee

THREE-YEAR-OLD Deborah Baxter, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Baxter, of Courtfield Gardens, S.W.7, was clearly unperturbed by the great heat of London recently. She was among the 300 pupils of Miss Violet Ballantine, including two of the Prime Minister's grandchildren, who danced in her ninth annual charity dancing matinee at the Princes Theatre for the League of Pity



## A PRINCELY WEDDING

PRINCE HENRI of France, son and heir to the Comte de Paris, married Duchess Marie Therese of Wurtemberg, daughter of Duke Philip of Wurtemberg, at the Royal Chapel of Saint Louis, at Dreux



Ex-King Umberto of Italy and  
Queen Frederika of Greece



Prince Jean of Luxemburg,  
Princess Beatrix of Holland

The Comte de Paris and the Duchess of Wurtemberg leading  
the Comtesse de Paris and the Duke of Wurtemberg followed  
by the Count of Barcelona and the Duchess of Braganca



## Priscilla in Paris

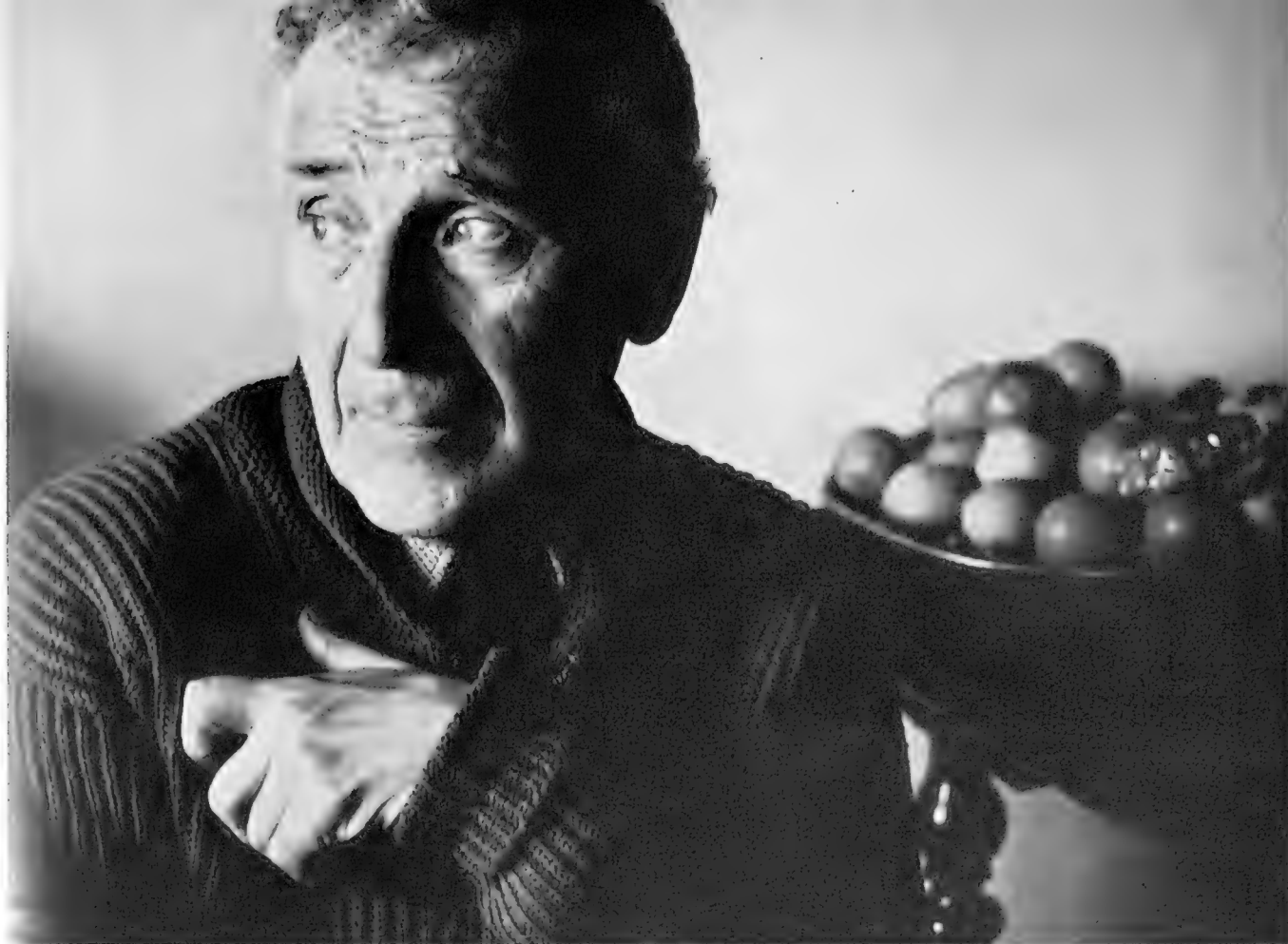
## A LA CAMPAGNE

THE ISLAND.—The new chimneystack looked grand and the newly whitewashed wee house was dazzling in the sunshine but, coated with rust, the kitchen stove still squatted in the garden where the firemen had dumped it! A dear old neighbour—eighty-three and still does her weekly washing—who keeps the keys, opens the windows and generally sees to things during the winter when I am away, was in attendance. "Madame has made a good journey? Yes? We have the fine weather at last and the masons have just finished plastering!" She quite evidently saw nothing incongruous about the stove standing outside the kitchen door instead of inside but Josephine interrupted with Gallic impetuosity. "It is two months," she raged, "since the roof was nearly burned over our heads . . . and look at MY stove!" Mère Louise looked and smiled. With a corner of her clean linen apron she rubbed the verdigris on the copper. . . . "It will clean, *mademoiselle*," she murmured gently, "it will clean!" Josephine has reached the age when she expects the courtesy title of *madame* from the Island folk and I moved quickly through the house to the front garden so that they might bicker in comfort.

A FEW sultry days, a surfeit of crowds, friends going to the 24-hour race at Le Mans and offering to put me on my way westward—Elegant Elizabeth being dry-docked for a lick of paint—I had been unable to resist the lure of the Island . . . and here we were in Eden. Josephine enjoying a few fractious words with mère Louise and I happy with the lupins in flower, the rose-tree that did so badly last year and is now a mass of glory, the muted sibilation of a midday tide, the crackle of fir cones exploding odorously under the roasting of a golden sun. . . . It was hot enough to fry eggs on the kitchen door-step, why worry about stoves?

The weather that weekend was almost too warm for the young people who were celebrating the day of days that sees their first Holy Communion. There were so many of them and the





## M. CHAGALL REFLECTS

MARC CHAGALL, the Russian artist whose strange and colourful paintings have a surrealistic dream-like quality, celebrated his seventieth birthday at his home in Vence

la Kar

not very big church was so packed with their numerous friends and very large families.

A charming sight, in every village of France at this time of year, all those ten or eleven-year-old children. The little girls in their long, white, muslin frocks and veils, the boys wearing amazing versions of *le costume Eton* with fringed, white brassards on the left arm. The village tailor is rather inclined to let himself go, sartorially speaking, on such occasions!

A LONG and solemn morning but a very beautiful one; the young faces are a little pale and strained but rapt with awe. . . . Afterwards comes the *grand déjeuner* and the present-giving when Marie-Jeanne and Jean-Loup usually get their first watch. It used to be the first bicycle but now six-year-olds have bicycles, ten-year-olds have *velo-moteurs* and I know more than a few young teenagers who drive their father's flivver—for business rather than pleasure—while the gendarme obligingly looks the other way.

The *déjeuner* is Gargantuan. There is kitchen rivalry all over the Island and next day, when Jean-Loup brags: "We were eighteen to table and we had lobster to commence . . ." it would break Marie-Jeanne's heart if she were unable to retort: "WE were twenty, we had chicken after OUR lobsters and a *non-autorisé* AND champagne!"

IT must be explained that a *non-autorisé* is a sweet, the recipe of which has been handed down from so long ago that the Snake in the Garden may have known something about it. It is a luscious concoction of sponge cake and crushed almonds and cream enrobed with Mocha icing that is decorated with *fleurs de lis*, emblem of the Kings of France. The French Revolution put an end to monarchy and all its works; even its favourite sweet was declared "non-authorized"! But *la Vendée* was one of the last strongholds of the Royalists and all through the Reign of Terror, in hiding, with makeshift ingredients and no decoration, the Island cooks cooked on!

Now, complete with every richness and *fleurs de lis*, it adds to the splendour of every feast . . . but it is still known as the *non-autorisé*!

### Sur demande . . .

●Kind old lady to the beggar: "Are you not ashamed, young and strong as you are, to ask for money?"—"Yes 'm, but if I don't 'ask' they call it 'stealing'."



Dancers of the State Ballet of Czechoslovakia now touring western Europe are seen on the steps leading to Sacre-Coeur





### At the Theatre

## TAKE-OVER IN THE BOARD ROOM

"SIX MONTHS' GRACE" (Phoenix Theatre). In this thistledown piece of play-making, Yvonne Arnaud (above) ornaments her husband's board room for a change, bringing in acceptable luxuries for the staff, thus leaving the directors (left, Richard Caldicot; right, Anthony Tancred) aghast. Her husband (Michael Shepley), with his own newly-acquired kitchen problems, is otherwise engaged. Below, others involved (Stuart Saunders and Avril Leslie) find proceedings more hilarious. Drawings by Glan Williams



THE silly season set in earlier than usual this year, as though anticipating the heat wave. While the heat was at its most sizzling it reduced all but the spryest of play-going intelligences to languid, go-as-you-please acceptance of anything at all bearable; and quite a lot of nonsense got by without, I imagine, doing much long term damage to British drama.

Of course the dozing mind finds considerable and often delightful differences between one silly season piece and another, as they unwind their casual coils. *Dear Delinquent* at the Westminster, for instance, is charmingly unlike *Six Months' Grace* at the Phoenix. The one is refreshingly old fashioned; the later comedy is disarming in its free and easy, almost wanton carelessness.

Mr. Robert Morley is one of the authors, and he and his collaborator, Mr. Dundas Hamilton, set out to show what happens when a wife takes over her husband's desk in the City and he takes over the sink at their Esher villa. But the authors let any wayward notion that happens to cross their minds distract them. The result is a hotchpotch running true at times to polite comedy and divagating without warning into overspills of revue sketch hilarity but making its way with us, nevertheless, largely because the whole thing is acted far better than it deserves.

Miss Yvonne Arnaud is the wife of the chairman of a dried-fruit company who, inexplicably, wants to find out whether her husband works as hard as he pretends, and Mr. Michael Shepley is the husband who, even less explicable, makes over his office to his wife. But they are both fully equipped to deal with the situation. He, with the solemn enthusiasm of a schoolboy preparing a booby trap, has the chairman's room denuded of all convenience and comfort and the in-basket crammed with out of date files demanding urgent attention.

SHE, momentarily bewildered, decides that it would be good for business if her surroundings impressed visitors with the affluence and stability of the firm. Accordingly she turns the office into an elegant saloon, the first effect of which is to give a Birmingham business man up for a riotous weekend in town quite the wrong ideas of her and her business associates.

This revue sketch episode is the first hint we are given that the authors of what we have taken to be a comedy in the making consider that no holds are barred. However, Miss Arnaud recovers from this grievous upset to her dignity. She introduces another director's wife into the office and begins seriously to consider the welfare of the staff. New hats and new dresses are provided for all, and life in this dried-fruit merchant's office becomes a round of extravagant gaiety. They are all a little dashed when a shocked accountant makes it clear that bankruptcy looms, but it turns out in the nick of time that no amount of mismanagement by either sex can disturb the business. Its resilience depends, as it always has done, on the efficiency of its modestly paid secretary. Once she has been given a fur coat, dined at the Dorchester and put on to the board there is no need for any of the other directors.

The authors tack from joke to joke without ever arriving at a situation really worth developing. Miss Arnaud plays herself in default of anything else to do. That is always an agreeable entertainment, but Mr. Shepley—cosy managing director turned harassed housewife—gave me the evening's best moment when some fool asked him why he didn't engage more domestic help, and his attempt to keep the obvious answer free from any trace of passion is nearly the death of him.

—Anthony Cookman

MICHAEL WILDING, returning from Hollywood recently where he has been making films for the past few years, has taken over, with charm and success, the part of the valet which Sir John Gielgud originated in Noël Coward's play, *Nude With Violin* at the Globe Theatre. The valet, secure with his secret about the origins of the famous paintings his late master executed, is content to let a little soft blackmail bring its just rewards from the rich and indifferent relatives.

Photograph by Angus McBean









*Miss Veronica Myddelton, Mr. Michael Thompson, and Miss Patricia Bryant*



*Miss Jane Gieve sitting beside Mr. Robert Gieve of Radley College*

## IDEAL CONDITIONS FOR HENLEY'S REGATTA

THE HENLEY ROYAL REGATTA, traditionally one of the Season's highlights, this year took place in brilliant sunny weather. As usual the Phyllis Court Club provided an excellent vantage point, the riverside lawns and private grandstand being crowded with members and friends watching the events



*Capt. John Jolliffe and Mrs. Jolliffe*



*Mrs. Burrell and Mr. J. A. Burrell were two other Henley spectators*



*Miss Jane Day and Mrs. Frank Day*

*Miss Pat Uckardt and Mr. P. Aeron-Thomas having lunch*

*Lady Jennifer Bernard, Lady Frances Bernard, Adrian Lindsay Fynn, Sig. C. Vazzoler*

*Miss June Williams, Mr. Vivian May and Mr. William Porteous*



*The finish of*

*Richard W.*



*Desmond O'Neill*

*Silver C...ts, D. A. T. Leadley and C. G. V. Davidge beating J. Kloimstein and A. Sageder, seen from the Phyllis Court Club grandstand*

*macott accompanied by his sister  
s Carolin Vestmacott*

*Mr. Martin Crossley talking to Miss Eileen  
Prickett*

*Miss Jennifer Crosland and Mr. K. S. Ranyard,  
Hertford College*





At the Pictures

## TODD'S INTERNATIONAL GEOPHYSICAL TOUR

At the very moment when our scientists were reporting explosions on the sun, earth-observers (if any there be) on remote planets must surely have been recording a whacking great explosion down here, and excitedly speculating on its precise nature. Let signals be sent out at once to reassure them that it had nothing to do with H-bombs: it was merely Mr. Michael Todd's *Around The World In Eighty Days* bursting upon London.

Mr. Todd, who is as lavish with his publicity as he is with his hospitality, had forewarned us, to the beating of the old ballyhoo drum, that his "show on celluloid" was an entertainment the like of which we had never seen in all our lives. I still had not suspected that to sit through it would be such a dizzy-making experience as it turned out to be.

Following the resourceful Mr. Phileas Fogg and his engaging manservant, Passepartout, for three hours as they girdle the globe at the rate of a hunt is in itself pretty exhausting. In addition, one is subjected to the strain of identifying, among a cast of sixty-eight thousand eight hundred and ninety-four, the fifty famous stars whom that incredible Mr. Todd somehow beguiled into playing bit parts. It is almost too much—and I wouldn't have missed it for anything.

JULES VERNE's story of how Mr. Fogg rocked the Reform Club of 1872 to its foundations by winning 'his' twenty-thousand-pound wager that he could circle the earth in the then unbelievably short space of eighty days, must by now be familiar to everybody. Mr. S. J. Perelman's breathless adaptation (nothing gradually *develops*, everything just *happens*) does it justice—and under the direction of Mr. Michael Anderson (and thirty-three assistant directors) it zips along joyously.

Mr. David Niven, cucumber-cool and at all times correctly composed, is the ideal Phileas Fogg. The Mexican clown, Cantinflas—according to Mr. Charles Chaplin, "the world's greatest comedian"—makes Passepartout a perfect poppet. Miss Shirley MacLaine (so deliciously dry in *The Trouble With Harry*) has little to do but look grateful as the Indian princess whom they save from suttee on the road to Allahabad and take with them, via Calcutta, Bangkok, Hong Kong, Yokohama, San Francisco, Medicine Bow, Omaha, New York and Liverpool, to London. The late Mr. Robert Newton gives a superb performance in the last rôle he was ever to play—as Inspector Fix who, disguising himself by wearing his solar topee back to front, tags along after Mr. Fogg in the mistaken belief that he is the man who robbed the Bank of England of fifty-five thousand pounds.

You will have no difficulty in identifying Sir John Gielgud as a distressed gentleman's gentleman at the London employment agency run by Mr. Noël Coward—or Miss Marlene Dietrich, all alabaster and gold, as the owner of the San Francisco saloon where Mr. Frank Sinatra pounds the piano while Mr. George Raft pounds the customers. But will you recognize Mr. Ronald Colman as an official of the Great Indian Peninsular Railway, Mr. Jack Oakie as the skipper of the *Henrietta*, or Miss Beatrice Lillie as a London Salvation Army lass? Anyway, you'll have fun trying.

HEATHER SEARS is seen in the title role of *Esther Costello*, adapted from the novel by Nicholas Monsarratt. She plays a blind, deaf and dumb girl of a poor Irish family adopted and exploited by a rich American (Joan Crawford)





FERNANDEL, that amiable and brilliant clown, is seen not as priest but as swashbuckling philanderer in *The Great Lover*. In this Films de France production, he plays Don Juan's valet who becomes involved in the toils of love and intrigue when he poses as his amorous master

Thirteen different countries are visited and all manner of means of transport used, including a balloon, an ostrich-taxi, and an elephant who, I am told, "stood nine feet three inches and weighed eight thousand seven hundred pounds in his bare feet."

My own favourite scenes are the balloon trip over the Alps, with Cantinflas casually scooping snow from a mountain-top to fill the champagne cooler as they drift by—the splendidly colourful Spanish bull ring and the café at Figueras where Senor José Greco dances like a demon. But there is, I do assure you, something for positively everyone—so take the entire family.

For technical reasons, this mammoth work is not shown to us in the full magnificence of colossal Todd-AO. It is perhaps just as well. This process is said to give the spectator the maximum feeling of audience participation. If I had been asked to participate a particle more than I did, I should have passed clean out.

MISS ANNA NEAGLE, producing, and Mr. Herbert Wilcox, directing *These Dangerous Years* have turned their backs on Mayfair and, with astonishing courage and equally astonishing success, plunged into the hurly-burly of life on Liverpool's waterfront. The atmosphere of the grey streets with their crowded cafés and rowdy dancehalls, their tough Teddy-boys and pert, flashy girls has been wonderfully well caught, the dialogue rings true and the screenplay, by Mr. Jack Trevor Story, is full of the right earthy humour.

Mr. Frankie Vaughan, hitherto known only to me as a gentleman who makes the sort of noise on gramophone records that delights the young, gives a first-rate straight acting performance as the cocky leader of a gang of teen-age boys who are constantly in trouble with the police. National Service lands him in really serious trouble with the military authorities—through no fault of his own.

It says much for Mr. Vaughan that, even though he looks like a junior Mr. Victor Mature, he manages to hold one's interest and arouse one's sympathy. Miss Carole Lesley, a promising newcomer, is well cast as his girl-friend—and Mr. George Baker, who can play a good man without seeming pompous or "pi," is excellent as the padre who sees in Mr. Vaughan the makings of a decent fellow. Miss Mara Lane, popping in and out of the picture, is the prettiest little puss-kitten—with, I rather felt, catsized claws.

IN *His Other Woman*, Miss Katharine Hepburn plays the dazzlingly efficient boss of a broadcasting company's Reference Department. As she and her staff can answer any question the general public cares to put to them, she is naturally livid when an electronic brain, invented by Mr. Spencer Tracy, is installed to relieve them of a duty they regard as a pleasure.

I am happy to say the machine proves no match for Miss Hepburn. The electronic brain-storm in which this witty comedy culminates is really something to see. But let us hope our Ernie never sees it—or he might throw one himself.

—Elsbeth Grant





Mark Gerson

HELEN HOWE, the American novelist has just had her latest volume, "The Success of Margot Masters," published here by Macdonald (15s.)



John Baker

NGAIO MARSH, the New Zealand author of such well-known crime detective novels as "Artists In Crime" published this year her "Off With His Head"

## Book Reviews

# MISS BRITTAIN'S WAR AGAINST THE FATES



Salt! Salt!

ETONIANS of the nineteenth century hold up a carriage on Montem day. From "The English Public School" by Vivian Ogilvie (Batsford, 30s.)

SUCCESSOR to *Testament of Youth* by Vera Brittain is the author's **Testament Of Experience** (Gollancz, 21s.). This second autobiography begins with Miss Brittain's marriage, in 1925, to G., a political philosopher—who had, in her own words, "inconveniently emerged, to remind me that the human relationships which I thought I had renounced were still there for the taking." The succession of blows dealt to herself and her age group by World War One (see *Testament Of Youth*) account for Miss Brittain's attitude, which her suitor had difficulty in overcoming. And after the marriage, though all went well, adjustments were necessary. These her new book goes into, among other things.

Much devolves on a woman who feels called upon to be not only spokeswoman for her generation but sentry on behalf of the next. It was important, as G. realized, that Miss Brittain be in no way fettered, side-tracked or cramped. She embarked on maternity after long discussion. Fate once more began to gun for her, and early: her and G.'s central European honeymoon was terminated by the news that one of her aunts had jumped off a high mountain in Wales.

THERE was then the departure for America, where G. held a post in a university. For the bride, transatlantic existence did not work out—later, relations with the U.S.A. were almost unintermittent and very cordial. So the writer returned to London and set up house with Winifred Holtby (see *Testament Of Friendship*). G. used to join them in Chelsea when on vacation.

Tributes to this singularly unselfish man occur, rightly, throughout *Testament Of Experience*. So do testimonials to Miss Brittain, some from persons happy enough to know her, some from strangers in every part of the globe. Fortunately she never seems to have lost, or failed to file, any letter or press cutting. The reaction to *Testament Of Youth* justified her sense of having a mission—and indeed that chronicle, gallantly written under domestic pressure, more than merited the success it had. Her fiction production, she tells us, had more vicissitudes: a novel to which she attached hopes was hit by the Abdication in England and *Gone With The Wind* in the U.S.A. And later, Miss



ORIEL MALET'S delightful new piece of autobiographical fiction about the adventures of two girls in Paris, which is entitled "Jam Today" (Gollancz, 15s.), has this enchanting cover

AN EXHIBITION of flower paintings by Lottie Davis, from which the picture on the right comes, is at the Cooling Galleries, New Bond Street



Brittain was to incur considerable—and, it does seem, unjust—unpopularity, owing to her connection with Christian pacificism. Of those harsh years she writes with courage and dignity.

It would be too unkind to accuse this author of self-importance. Humour is possibly not her forte. She does, no doubt inadvertently, give the impression that the moment she took her eye off the world (owing, in most cases, to the claims of maternity) something was liable to go wrong. She returned to London, for instance, after a holiday, to find her little girl with a raging temperature and in need of a tonsils operation. "I had just arranged for this to be done immediately after G.'s return, when Hitler marched into Prague." Little Shirley did have her operation: two days later, Italy raped Albania. One must, however, see Miss Brittain's point in making these and other juxtapositions: one of the aims of *Testament Of Experience* is to interknit private life and public events.

Those with a mania for privacy, rightly or wrongly, may wonder how Miss Brittain does with so little. As against that, portions of *Testament Of Experience* deal with sensations known to general humanity—being bombed, making arduous wartime journeys, making speeches, or talking to former enemies. My feeling is that this book would have more force if Miss Brittain had been rather more selective. What she says fills 480 pages—and the pages would be more were the print not small.

★ ★ ★

JEAN-PAUL LACROIX has written in *The Innocent Gunman* (Elek, 12s. 6d.) a gay fantasia of the gangster world. One must salute the effective pen of one of France's foremost humorous authors. For his country's recent addiction to gunman fiction has furthered one of the most boring literary developments in years. Dare one hope that this cracking parody will be the gangster story to end all others?

Frankie Le Pou, our hero, is a mild, vague eighteen-year-old with long eyelashes, given to the reading and writing of poetry. As such, he is a disappointment to his father. Papa Le Pou operates, from Paris, the biggest criminal combine in all France, with important connections overseas. This family business, built

up by sheer hard work—is it to be scorned by the listless heir? M. Le Pou, an amiable figure, shows many of the traits of the *bon bourgeois* confronted by domestic disloyalty. He calls a conference, at which it is decided that the recalcitrant Frankie be educated abroad. Let his father's associates bring him to see the light!

In London, after the threatening allusions to Canton duck, Frankie drives "uncle" Li Fan Tan to hari kari. In New York, the gay boy bumps off his sponsor's bodyguard, slips up on the kidnapping of an heiress, and proves a successful amateur electrocutionist. No one else seems anxious to take him on. Romance with the Platinum Panther concludes *The Innocent Gunman*. The novel is translated into American-English by Hugh Shelley—who enters into the spirit of the fooling.

★ ★ ★

ELIZABETH FERRARS, never disappointing, is at the top of her form with *Furnished For Murder* (Crime Club, Collins, 10s. 6d.). Meg Fearon, wife of a busy author whose earnings don't mount up as fast as they should, decides to slice off one end of their rambling country home and offer it for rent as a furnished cottage. That a tenant should turn up the day it is advertised, and moreover pay three months' rent in advance, seems too good to be true—as indeed it is! Mr. Chilby more and more seems a fishy type: also, why his excessive interest in Shandon Priory, whose owner has lately died?

Village curiosity is already active, but in another direction. Is Richard Velden, heir to the late squire-ess and now in possession of Shandon, an imposter? The not unattractive young man is already dear to two of the ladies in the locality. And, charming feckless young Kate, suffering from love trouble, proves an agitating weekend visitor for the Fearons—Kate had, once, been billed to inherit Shandon and the considerable capital going with it. . . . Ably, Miss Ferrars planks down these promising cards. She has the gift of making her characters not simply convincing but important also. In *Furnished For Murder* the human interest could be enough to hold one, apart from the criminal developments.

—Elizabeth Bowen



# THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME

THESE three suits for early autumn, hit the happy medium between summer fabrics and the thick tweeds of winter. Right: Simon Massey's slim fitted suit of black and white tweed cinched at the waist by a large black belt, 13 gns. at John Lewis, Oxford Street; Hammonds of Hull

Michel Molinare

ABOVE: Alexon's smooth easy-fitting suit in sherry coloured double-knit jersey has a collar cut away from the neck, rounded shoulders and slim sleeves, 14 gns. at Bourne and Hollingsworth

Fashions by  
Isobel  
Vicomtesse  
d'Orthez

RIGHT: Sylvia Mills' beautifully made suit in camel coloured llama, a superb cloth, has a simple but distinctive design. The price is 28½ gns. from Harvey Nichols and Kenneth Kemsley, Newark









## AUTUMN JO JERNEY

LEFT: This three-quarter length coat, tailored like a man's in camel-coloured pure wool, is double-breasted, half-cuffed, and has easy flap pockets. It is made by Ledux and costs approx. 11½ gns. at Debenham's Budget Shop and Matthias Robinson, Leeds. Right: Simon Massey's narrow full length coat in brown double-knit jersey is casually elegant. It costs 14½ gns. from Pamela Shaw, Marylebone High Street, and Brindley's, Derby. Available at the end of August





# Weather-proof steps



Michel Molinare

FROM AQUASCUTUM comes this classic of impeccable cut made in brown and white Yorkshire tweed (above). A loose raglan sleeved coat, it costs 18 gns., Regent Street and Bristol, early August



A SHOWERPROOF coat by Telemac (above right). In a brown and oatmeal tweed mixture, it is rubberised and fully lined. With matching hat it costs £7 12s. 6d. at John Barker and Elliott's of Bath

BY TELEMAC (right) a showerproof coat in brown and white mixture tweed flecked with bright orange and faced and trimmed in orange, £11 19s. 6d. at Harrods, and Matthias Robinson, Leeds, end August

before the fall in  
the year's barometer







John French

## IMPORTANT EVENINGS

HERE is a magnificent evening dress by Elizabeth Henry, designed for a "full-dress" occasion. In white satin, the top of the strapless bodice and the hem of the wide sweeping skirt are in pale blue satin beautifully embroidered and appliqued with raised flowers. Price approx. 69 gns. at Rocha of Grafton Street, and Greensmith Downes, Edinburgh

TO COMPLEMENT this beautiful dress, the jewellery from Garrards (above) consists of sapphires and diamonds in a set of necklace, earrings and ring. The pearl strap evening shoe with glazier heel (right) is from Hutchings, New Bond Street, 12 gns. Dior length gloves by Pinkham




CHOICE FOR  
THE WEEK






# Colourful male plumage

*THE TREND in beach and holiday wear for men is towards more gaiety and colour, many of the best designs coming from the Continent. In some cases the articles themselves are imported, in others the actual tailoring is done in this country. Here are some examples of the latest styles and designs — JEAN CLELAND*



Above: This Terry towelling beach gown, price £8 8s., comes in a variety of colours from Simpson, Piccadilly. Left: A towelling beach jacket, which is available in a number of colour combinations, £5 5s., Simpsons



Right: Continental assets for the man on holiday. Boxer swim shorts, Swiss, made in nylon in navy, natural or grey, £4 4s.; Swiss nylon swim trunks, red or blue stripes on a white background, £2 19s. 6d.; Swiss nylon swim trunks in plain colours, either navy or red, £2 15s. 6d.; Swiss beach shirt with short sleeves (it can be worn either inside or out) in various checks and colours, £3 5s.; neck square made of all silk, with a hand-rolled border, £1 12s. 6d. All these items are imaginatively designed and beautifully made, and come from Fortnum & Mason



Jacket shirts in all colours, £2 17s. 6d., matching or contrasting linen beach shorts, £3 3s., rope-soled espadrilles, 14s. 6d., from Simpson



Gingham choker, fast colours and crease resisting, 9s. 6d.; beach jacket in heavy cotton, specially finished to need little ironing, crease and shrink resisting, blue and white or green and white, £3 19s. 6d.; well-shaped, absorbent towelling choker, in white, lemon and blue, 9s. 6d.; crepe-soled blue canvas espadrilles, £1 8s. 6d.; all from Harrods. Navy blue raffia beach shoes with thin crepe soles, Fortnum & Mason. Below: One of an Italian collection of beach shirts, colours striped with white, £4 4s., beach mules, £1 12s. 6d., Simpson





## Beauty

# Light of foot

At this time of year, when the enjoyment of outdoor activities depends very largely on foot comfort, no matter how lovely the day, how exciting the sport, how beautiful the walk, if your feet hurt your chances of happiness are nil. Past masters at making themselves felt, they'll rob your walk of its grace, your face of its gaiety, and give you an all-over look of fatigue that is infinitely ageing.

Throughout the year, feet need attention. During the summer, they positively demand it, and if you want the maximum amount of pleasure from your holiday, and from outdoor pursuits, it is up to you to see that they get it. I have talked with experts who have made a study of this subject, and here are some of the ways in which you can service your feet, and keep them in good fettle.

Never put up with shoes that pinch. This produces corns, and all sorts of other troubles. Take time in choosing your shoes, walk around in them after trying them on, and make reasonably sure that they are neither too tight nor too loose; that they don't squeeze the toes, or slip at the heel.

Stockings are just as important as shoes. A stocking that is too tight constricts the toes, hinders the circulation, and can even be the initial cause of such tiresome things as corns and bunions. On the other hand, a stocking that is too loose can also cause trouble, such as chafing at the heel, and making a blister.



The importance of changing both shoes and stockings cannot be too greatly stressed. Wearing the same shoes for too long a stretch is very tiring. Changing them rests the feet and gives the discarded pair a chance to be thoroughly aired and put on to trees to get straightened out. Changing of stockings, too, gives immense relief to the feet. When they are feeling hot, nothing is more refreshing or more healthy than to take off the stockings, and put on a clean pair after holding the feet under cold water, and dusting them with powder.

In the hot weather the feet get damp, and this engenders a condition called "athlete's foot." What the experts tell me is that it is a form of minute fungus that floats in the air, and is spread by direct contact. You can therefore get it from any place where you are standing with bare feet, such as a swimming pool, or a swimming bath. Heat and perspiration encourage it, and that is why the airing of shoes and constant change of stockings is so strongly advisable.

THE best thing for counteracting the trouble, and for keeping the feet in good condition, is a good foot powder, specially designed for this purpose. Such a one has just come on to the market, made by Johnson & Johnson, and if the excellence of their baby powder is anything to go by, it should be widely welcome. Johnson's foot powder absorbs perspiration, and keeps the skin fresh and healthy. It acts as a deodorant, and also helps to keep the feet from getting damp, by tending to reduce perspiration. Perhaps the most important thing about this powder is that it contains the fungicide pot. 8-hydroxy-quinoline sulphate, which, puffed between the toes where skin softening and fungus infections are so common, dries the skin and inhibits the fungi. The powder comes in a polythene spray tube, which costs 2s. 6d., and is now available at all good chemists.

Feet that are just tired at the end of the day can be greatly refreshed by immersing them for a short time in a basin containing hot water and one of the preparations for relieving foot aches and pains, such as Luma, Radox, or Reudel salts. Before drying, pat them with eau-de-Cologne, or methylated spirit (the first smells nicer), and then puff with foot powder, some of which should also be shaken into the stockings.

—Jean Cleland

# THEY ARE ENGAGED



Miss Carol Watson, who is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. F. K. Watson, of Saltwood, Kent, has recently announced her engagement to Sir John Barry Salusbury-Trelawny, Bt., of Avereng Gardens, Folkestone, Kent

Vandyk

Miss Fiona Leith-Ross, youngest daughter of Sir Frederick and Lady Leith-Ross, of Leylands Manor, Jarvis Brook, Crowborough, Sussex, is engaged to Capt. Roger Stephen Beresford, M.E.C., 13th/18th Royal Hussars (Q.M.O.), son of Mr. and Mrs. E. Beresford, of Queens Gate, Halifax



Lenart



Miss Ann Madeleine Clarke, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. E. B. Clarke, of Tanners Mead, Oxted, Surrey, announced her engagement to Mr. David Leonard Greenwood, second son of Mr. and Mrs. T. Greenwood, of Chartfield Hse., Limsfield

Harlip

Miss Sally Seddon, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Seddon, of Moor House, Stanmore, Middlesex, is shortly to marry Mr. Michael Westmacott, son of the late Capt. H. Westmacott, Royal Navy, and of Mrs. Westmacott, of Berrington, St. Mary Church, Torquay, Devon



Pearl Freeman



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## RECENTLY MARRIED

**Mercer—Henderson.** Mr. John Guy Mercer, son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. G. H. J. Mercer, of Roman Way, Stanford Dingley, near Reading, Berks, married Miss Jane Henderson, daughter of Major and Mrs. Lionel Butler Henderson, of Sandon, near Buntingford, at Sandon Church



**Parkes—Carew.** Mr. David Brian Parkes, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Parkes, of Connaught Hall, Bray, Co. Wicklow, married Miss Roberta Oonagh Petrie Carew, daughter of Major and Mrs. R. J. H. Carew, of Ballinamona Park, Waterford, at St. Mark's, North Audley Street



**Allan—Shepherd-Smith.** Mr. Richard L. Allan, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Alan Allan, of Aldford House, Park Lane, married Miss Anne Shepherd-Smith, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Tim Shepherd-Smith, of Oldbury, Knotty Green, Beaconsfield, at St. Teresa's Church, Beaconsfield



**Dyson—Hunt.** Mr. Michael Dyson, only son of Mr. and Mrs. George Dyson, of Ridgemoor, Enfield, Middlesex, was recently married to Miss Priscilla Hunt, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Hunt, of Cuppers, Hadley Wood, Herts, at Christ Church, Cockfosters, Hertfordshire



**Rowe—Nias.** Lt.-Cdr. Alfred Richard Courtney Rowe, R.N., son of the late Mr. H. Ridges Rowe, and Mrs. Rowe, of Woodmancote, Lymington, Hants, was married to Miss Margaret Alison Nias, daughter of Major and Mrs. F. H. Nias, of Lennox Gardens, London, S.W.1, at the Parish Church of St. Thomas, Lymington, Hants



**Lindsay—Ebsworth.** Mr. Kenneth Crawford Lindsay, only son of Mr. and Mrs. S. W. C. Lindsay, of Worcester Crescent, Woodford Green, Essex, was recently married to Miss Diana Ebsworth, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John H. Ebsworth, of Great Russell Mansions, Great Russell Street, W.C.1, at St. Giles-in-the-Fields, London



**Neill Fraser—Erskine.** Major Norman Neill Fraser, of Walton Street, S.W.3, eldest son of the late Major W. Neill Fraser and Mrs. Neill Fraser, of Portobello, Midlothian, married the Hon. Sarah Erskine, elder daughter of Lord and Lady Erskine, The Manor, Bourton-on-the-Water, Glos, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge

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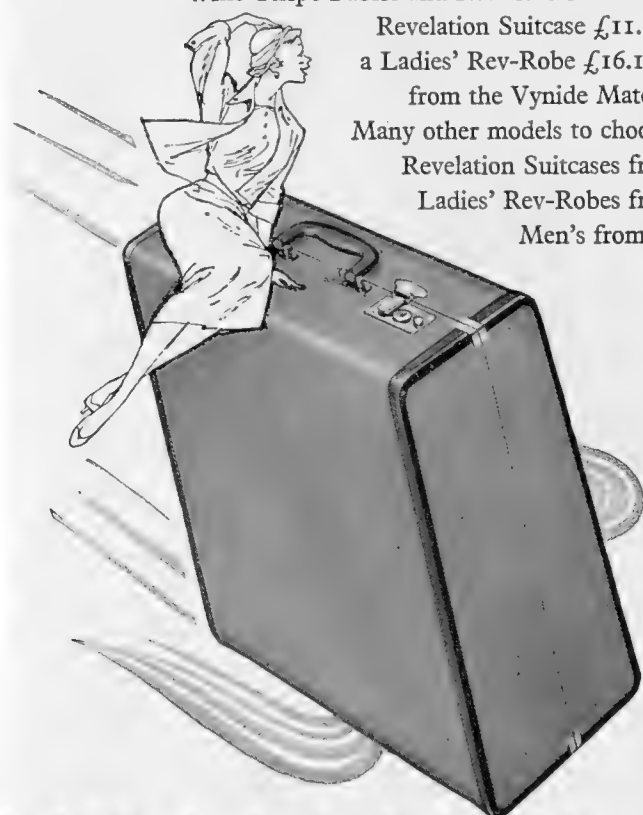
Revelation Suitcase £11.10.0, and a Ladies' Rev-Robe £16.10.0, both from the Vynide Matched Set.

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THERE was once a passenger who said to a Qantas steward, 'and get this clear, *I can't stand being fussed over*'. And 24 hours later he spoke again and said coldly 'I didn't ring for you'. 'No sir,' said the steward. 'Then why are you standing there, pointing a loaded tray at my head?' 'Well sir,

at exactly sundown

yesterday you chose

this brand of

whisky and a small soda. And I thought

that, as the sun has just set again . . .'

'Nonsense' said the passenger 'use your

eyes man! Sun *hasn't* set'. 'Not at this height, sir' said the

steward gently, 'but at zero feet, sir, immediately below

us, the sun set the best part of a minute ago'. The passenger

looked down through the window. Too true, the earth was

already in shadow. 'Well, well' he said with honest en-

thusiasm 'well, well, well!' 'Shall I leave you to pour the

soda, sir?' said the steward. 'Thanks' said the passenger 'Do.

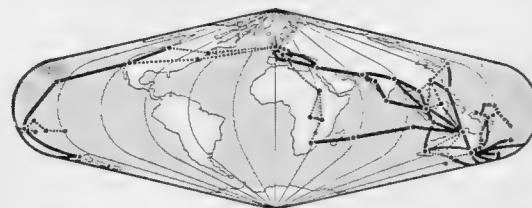
And—oh, steward!' 'Sir?' 'You win.' Qantas stewards *never*

fuss. But they spoil our passengers—outrageously!



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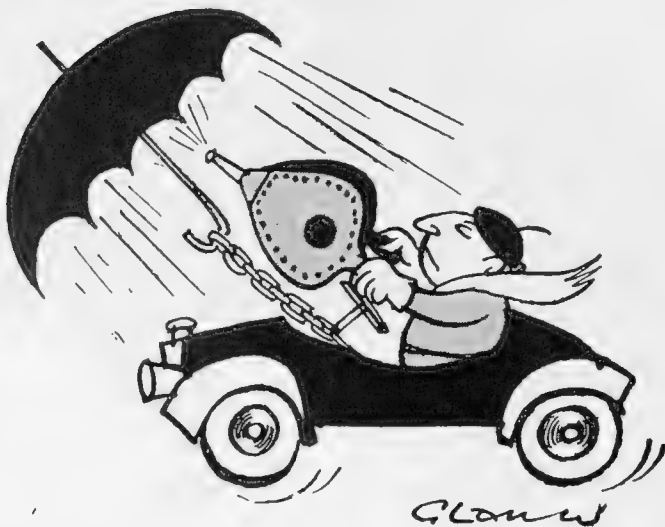


## Motoring

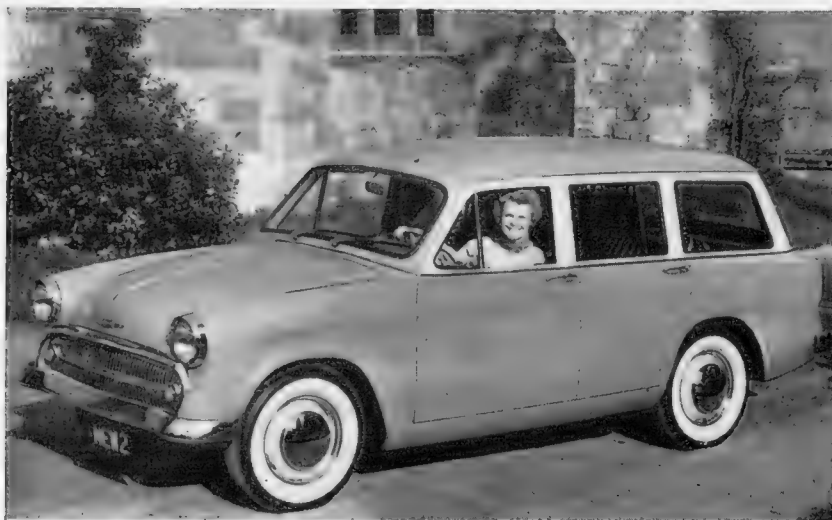
# A MILDEWED THEORY



FIAT 500s, soon to be on sale to the general public, are two-cylinder 470-c.c. cars with air cooling and a speed of between 50 and 60 m.p.h. These small cars, seen here during a test run, are expected to be very inexpensive



THE NEW HILLMAN Estate car with 1,390-c.c. overhead valve engine has four doors, and a rear seat that folds back to provide space for 700 lb. of bulky goods; this adaptable car costs (including purchase tax) £938 17s.



"PANORAMA" is such an excellent television programme that it seems churlish to emphasize its shortcomings. Nevertheless it is my duty as a writer on motoring matters to point out that its recent visualization of the effects of drink on drivers was not a serious contribution to road safety. Like a Sunday newspaper article, it mixed together fear, anxiety and prejudice to form a highly flavoured entertainment. And its object was entertainment, not a reduction in road accidents. Road safety was a smoke screen for a pleasing little bit of fun.

The whole thing was based upon an assumption which has not yet been investigated, namely that the quicker a driver's reaction time, the safer he is. There was the "child who runs out into the road" and there was the brake pedal, and viewers were led to suppose that the chances of the child being hit by the car were inversely proportional to the driver's reaction time.

This is, of course, an old belief. I only realized what a dangerously misleading belief it is when certain measurements were being made of the reaction times of Royal Air Force pilots. For it turned out that the best pilots had, on the whole, rather slow times. And the finest pilot the Royal Air Force has ever produced, the late George Stainforth, had a reaction time a good deal below that of other R.A.F. pilots.

THOSE results led to some hard thinking on the part of the investigators. The conclusion which most of those who had followed the tests reached was that, in the control of a piece of machinery by movements of the hands and feet, the suiting of the movements to the circumstances rather than their speed was the decisive factor. In the *Panorama* demonstration the subjects stamped on the brakes as quickly as they could after the showing of a sign ("the child") and I shuddered to think what might have happened to a car so treated on a slippery road or—from a high cruising speed—even on a dry road.

A fact which used to be rammed home in the old Rolls-Royce driving school was that a car is "four times its width" under heavy braking. Brakes should never be stamped on; they should be applied in a manner to suit the situation. I know that is a counsel of perfection. If a driver is taken by surprise, he does stamp on the brakes. But that is because he cannot help it; not because it is the correct course for the best control of his machine.

It is good to hear that the Prime Minister, Mr. Harold Macmillan, has agreed to open the Motor Show at Earls Court. This year's Show—the dates are October 16 to 26—will be held at a time which, from every point of view, will be critical for the British motor industry. The industry has taken a number of heavy blows but it has demonstrated its resilience by making a sensational come-back.

Thus the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders statistical department tells me that May exports of cars were the most numerous yet. More than 41,500 models worth £15 million went from British factories to buyers. This was two thousand more than the previous peak in July, 1954. The car shipments included a record eight thousand sent to the U.S.A.

That is a measure of the industry's competence. Nevertheless it is the view of many qualified observers that British cars must show greater technical progressiveness if they are to hold their position. There is that vexed question of independent suspension, for instance. Increasing numbers of people with experience of Continental cars with all-round independent suspension swear that they will not buy a car with what some of them refer to as "cart springing."

—*Oliver Stewart*

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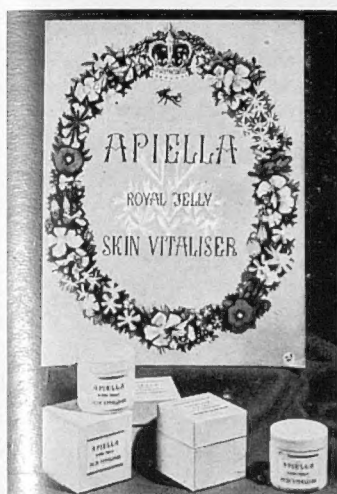
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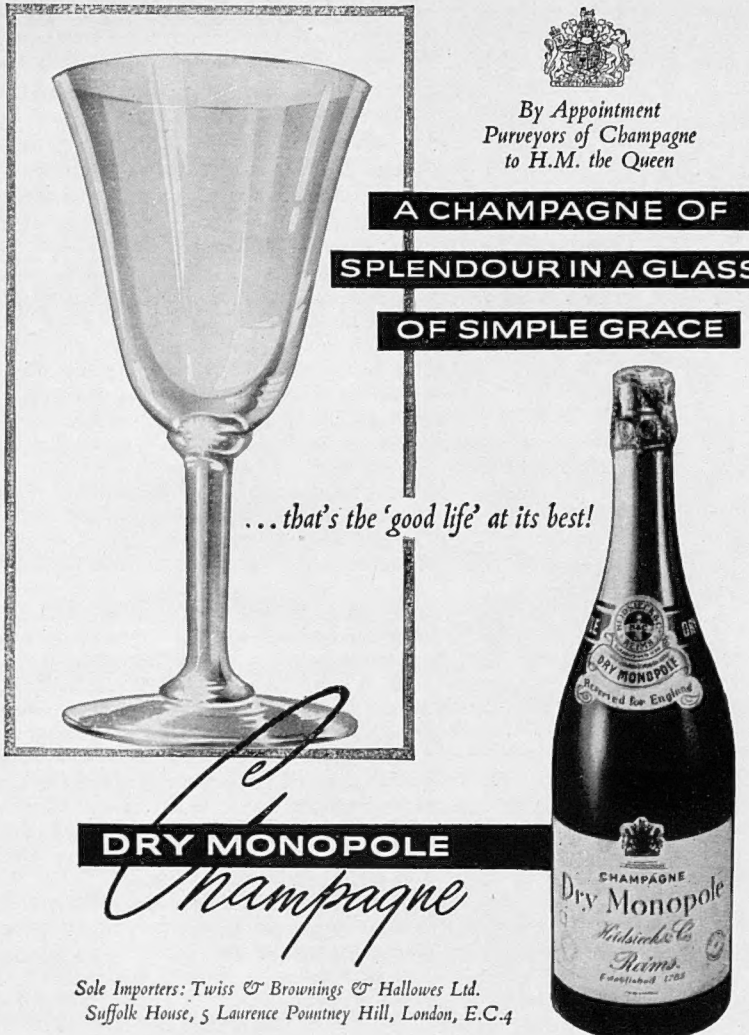
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## DINING IN

## Treasures of the sea



It is a pity that herrings, now at their very best, leave such an unpleasant smell on one's hands and, especially, in the pans in which they are cooked, because they are such delicious fish. Bones, too, are a complication as folk seem to have lost the skill of boning them comfortably at table. Yes, it is all a pity, because herrings are almost the most nourishing fish we have and, by a long way, the least expensive.

One has to go abroad to find them served imaginatively and I might say sometimes rather expensively, as I discovered in Belgium a week or two ago. There we had a really delicious presentation of herring and a macedoine of vegetables salad—unexpectedly, the best dish on the menu.

Start with Bismarck herrings, which are easy to prepare. Scrape, gut and fillet six to eight herrings, first removing their heads. Even if all are not required at the one time, they keep very well. Place the fillets in a bowl of cold water for a couple of hours, with a steady thin stream of cold water running through them. Drain them.

Place them flat on a board, skin side down. Sprinkle with salt and add coarse fresh milled pepper and a slice or two of raw onion. Roll up, starting from the wider end. Place in a jar. Scatter a little pickling spice through them, top with a bay leaf and cover with white vinegar diluted with water to almost half its strength. In two days, these fillets are ready to be drawn on as required.

To serve as an excellent meal-starter, hold the tail end of each fillet in one hand and, with the other, gently work off the flesh close to the skin. Place one or more fillets on individual serving dishes. Have ready a macedoine of vegetables, cooked separately, well drained and dressed with mayonnaise. Cover the herrings with it and garnish with radishes and sliced cucumber.

**S**KINNED Bismarck herrings, cut into pieces, go wonderfully well in a potato salad. Specially for the salad, boil a pound of well washed unpeeled potatoes (for four to five servings). Make the following dressing: Mix together 5 to 6 tablespoons olive oil, 2 to 3 tablespoons wine vinegar, a finely chopped shallot, a level teaspoon of dry mustard, a pinch or two of sugar, and a little dry still cider to make the final mixture moist enough. Season well with salt and freshly milled pepper. To this dressing, add 2 to 3 peeled and cored apples cut into small slices and turn them over and over in it to keep them white. When the potatoes are cooked and still warm, peel them, then dice or slice them and turn them also over and over in the dressing. Add half a breakfastcup of thinly sliced pickled cucumber and 2 to 3 fillets of Bismarck herrings, cut into small pieces. Leave in a cold place for an hour or so. Finally, stir 1 to 2 tablespoons of chopped parsley through the salad and it is ready to be served. If you happen to have some cold roast beef or veal, cut it into Julienne strips and add it with the herring.

For a different salad, skin and cut 2 to 3 fillets of Bismarck herrings into small strips. Add a dressing made of 3 to 4 tablespoons of cider vinegar, 2 tablespoons of water, a tablespoon sugar, a good pinch of freshly milled pepper and salt to taste, beaten into  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint double cream. Add a chopped shallot, 2 diced peeled apples, 3 diced medium sized peeled beetroot,  $\frac{3}{4}$  lb. diced peeled potatoes and  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup diced gherkins.

Turn into a mould and leave for a couple of hours. Finally, turn out, sprinkle with chopped parsley and garnish with quartered hard-boiled eggs.

—Helen Burke

## DINING OUT

## A book and bottle launch

**A** SHORT time ago S. F. and O. Hallgarten gave a three-day party at their cellars in Blackfriars Lane, which became known as the "Fritz Hallgarten affair" because one of the objects was to launch his latest book *Alsace And Its Wine Gardens* by S. F. Hallgarten (Andre Deutsch, 15s.). It is excellent, and in particular Part II, called "Wine Journey," is a delight, an enchanting tour through over seventy of the towns, villages and vineyards of Alsace from Thann to Strasbourg.

On the last day there was a contest for wine butlers who were members of that excellent organization the Guild of Sommeliers, the competitors having to identify and judge three white wines and three red. There were over thirty entrants, the winner being Felix Ryan, Polish-born wine butler at the Connaught Hotel in Carlos Place, W.1. The runner-up was L. Rose from the same hotel.

First prize was a return ticket to Alsace and a week free of charge at the Hotel Bellevue in Ribeauville.

**A**s promised last week, here is the final list to complete our "Restaurant Roundabout." **PICALLE**, 190 Piccadilly, W.1. Grosvenor 6423. If you want amusement with your food, here's the place. One floor show at 9.15 p.m. and another at midnight during the week and at 8.15 and 10.45 p.m. on Saturday. You can also dance until 2.30 or 3 in the morning.

**TROCADERO**, Piccadilly Circus, W.1. Gerrard 6920. Famous rendezvous in the heart of Piccadilly; immense menu and a fine cellar; service and quality are excellent. Music and dancing. Outstanding private room service for parties from four to four hundred.

**THE VINE**, Piccadilly Place, W.1. Regent 5789. Brand new pub on the site of an old one: consists of a bar downstairs and a restaurant upstairs serving top quality grills—round the corner from Bentley's in Swallow Street, who are the proprietors.

**WASHINGTON HOTEL**, Curzon Street, W.1. Grosvenor 6911. A very comfortable "no crush" restaurant with first-class Continental cuisine, not neglecting the roast beef and steak and kidney pud.

**WESTBURY HOTEL**, New Bond Street, W.1. Mayfair 7755. American-owned hotel with a very comfortable restaurant which provides first-class food, with a smart bar where the Old Fashioneds and the Mint Juleps are the real thing. Just celebrated the opening of a new wing with a charming grill room, ballroom and lounge.

—I. Bickerstaff



LESLIE HUTCHINSON—"Hutch"—is as popular with this year's debutantes and their escorts as he was with their mammas in the thirties. He is appearing in cabaret at Quaglin's until July 20, his repertoire including old favourites, "Hutch" specials, and the latest song successes, all put over with his inimitable wit and urbanity

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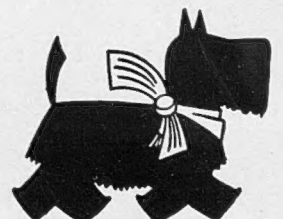
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